


# Shadow

The cover features a dynamic illustration of Shadow the Bat, a man with a white beard and mustache, wearing a black suit and a red cape. He is shown in a powerful, lunging pose, holding a glowing red sword. A black fedora hat is flying through the air to his left. In the foreground, a large, green, scaly monster with sharp teeth and claws is attacking a woman with dark hair wearing a red and yellow polka-dot dress. The background is a light blue sky with a large, stylized red and white swoosh.

GOLOS

VOL. 3 NO. 4 JULY, 1943

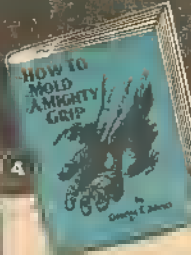
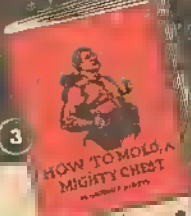
10c

BLACK MAGIC, MUMMIES  
AND SALAMANDERS AID  
**MONSTRODAMUS**  
IN THIS FIGHT WITH THE  
**SHADOW!**

## "I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A MIGHTY BODY using my quick, easy methods," says George F. Jowett

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that "picks a punch" — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!



### THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM.** This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development, illustrated and explained as you like them.
- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with strains of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live sinewy cables! Fingers strong as steel pinners. A hand like an iron vice—yet sensitive.
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 8 inches, his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unobtainable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

# FREE!



### JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the thrilling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions." Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

**Send for These  
FIVE FAMOUS COURSES** Formerly \$5 each  
**NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH**  
**ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for \$5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

### 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

### READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSAMONT**  
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**  
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods. Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Course!"

### FREE GIFT COUPON



Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
239 Fifth Avenue, 6th Fl., 184, New York City

Send me the JOWETT Course-Book, checked below. If not delighted, I may return books for books in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

☐ "Champion of Champions" \$..... Send books checked, postage prepaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$..... plus a few cents postage. (No order less than \$1 shipped C.O.D.)

☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)  
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)  
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)

☐ Send me the FREE book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME..... AGE.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY..... STATE.....

# THE Shadow

in MONSTRODAMUS RETURNS...



VOL. III, NO. 4; JULY, 1943

NEXT ISSUE AUGUST, 1943, ON SALE JUNE 25, 1943

**PUBLISHED MONTHLY**

**SHADOW COMICS**

**\$1.00 PER 12-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION**

**10c THE COPY**

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**79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.**

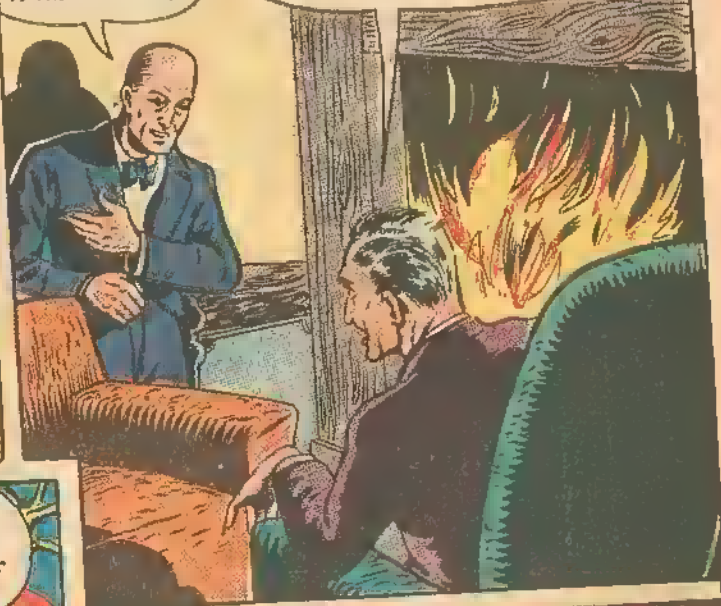
IN A HOUSE FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY LIVES A MAN WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE HAS BECOME A MORTAL TERROR!

IS THAT THE DOORBELL, HAWKINS?

NOT YET, MR. THULL, BUT I AM SURE THAT MR. CRANSTON WILL ARRIVE VERY SOON!

WHY NOT CALM YOURSELF, SIR. YOU ARE QUITE SAFE HERE IN THIS STUDY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HAWKINS. THROW ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE TO MAKE THE ROOM BRIGHTER!



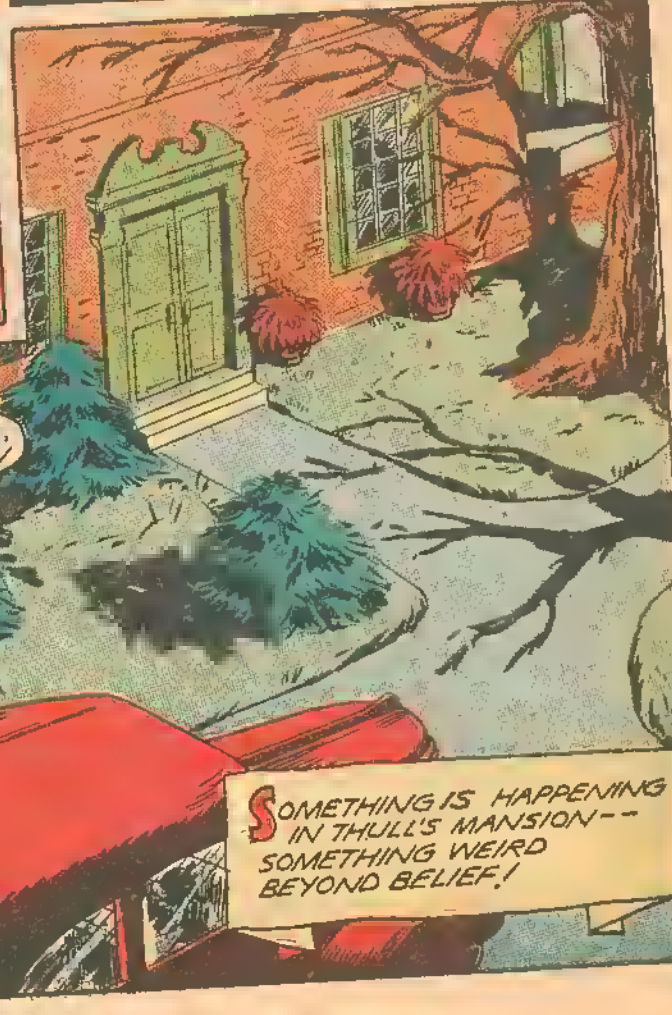
BUT WHY ARE WE DRIVING OUT HERE, LAMONT?

TO MEET A MAN NAMED LEONARD THULL WHO WON'T TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT FRIGHTENS HIM!

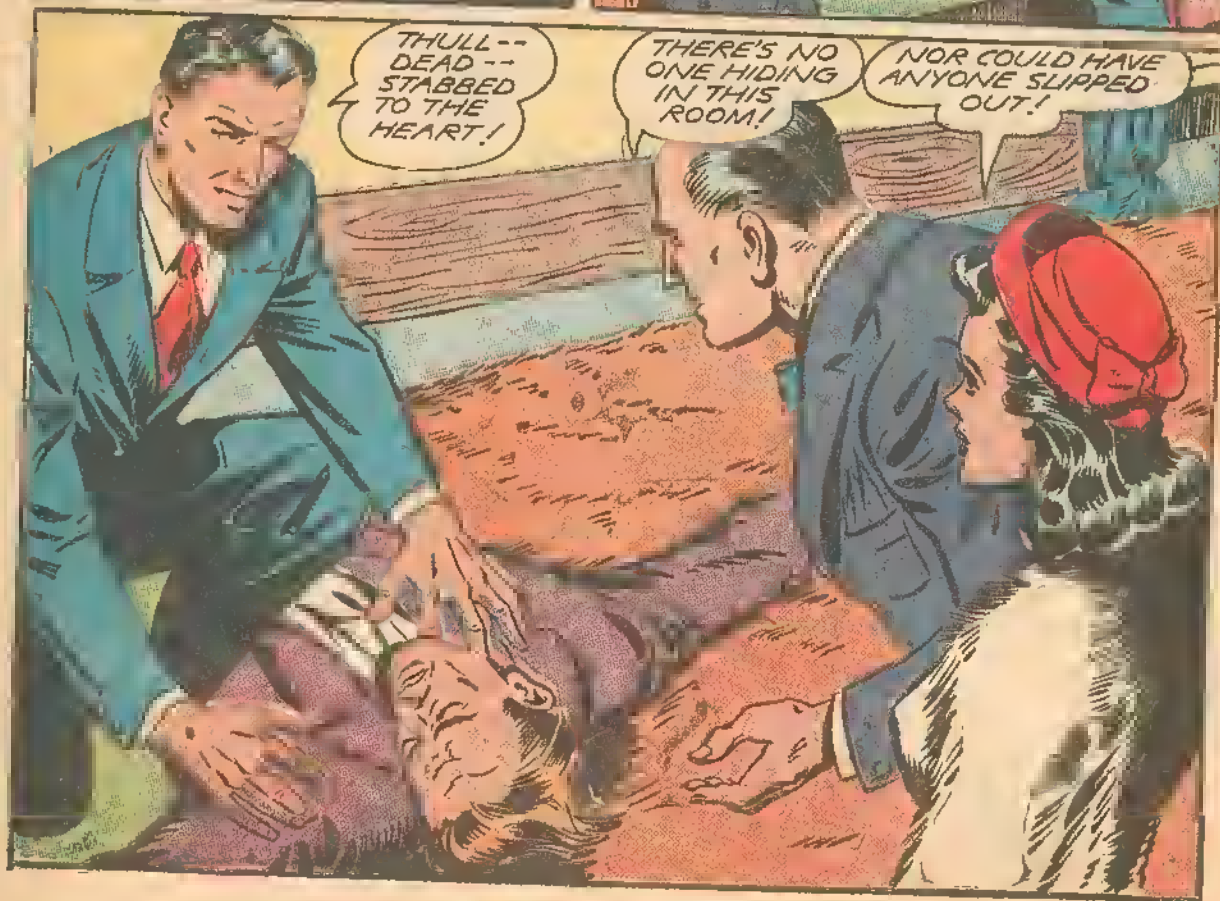
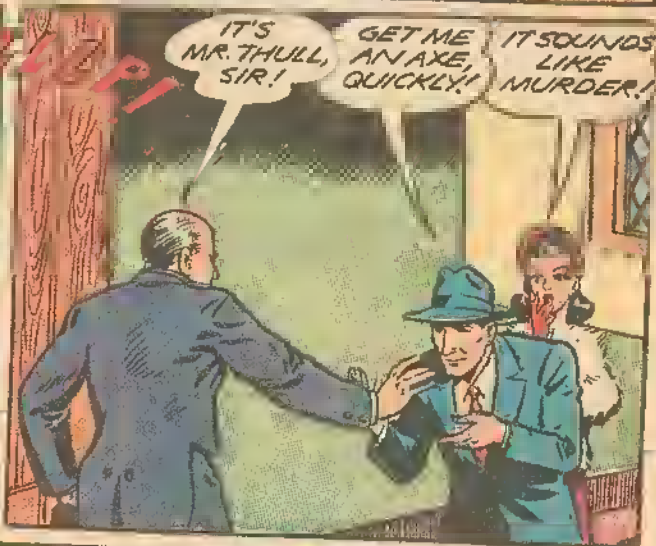
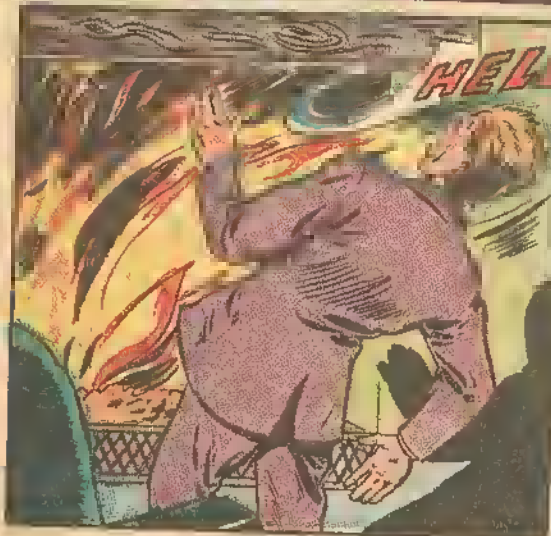
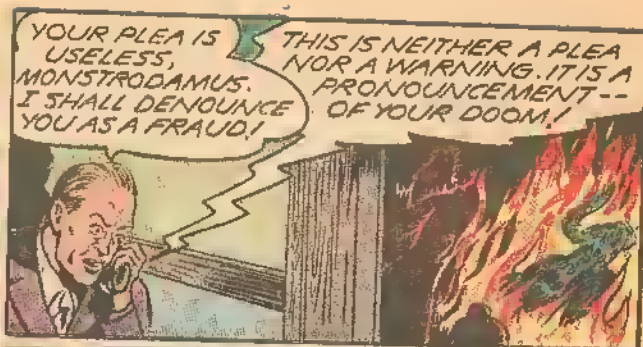



THERE'S THULL'S HOUSE, WOODY. LOOKING PLACE, ISN'T IT, MARGO?

I'LL SAY! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN THERE!



SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN THULL'S MANSION-- SOMETHING WEIRD BEYOND BELIEF!





BATER--  
IT'S A  
SEALED  
ROOM  
MYSTERY,  
SHERIFF!  
I'VE READ  
ABOUT 'EM  
IN STORIES!

TUT-TUT,  
CORONER!  
YOU'LL BE  
CLAIMING  
NEXT THAT  
THIS IS  
HAPPENING  
IN A  
STORY!

ANY  
THEORY,  
LAMONT?

YES,  
BUT  
I'LL  
KEEP IT  
UNTIL THEY  
LEAVE!

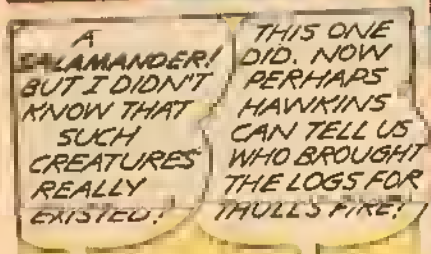


THE FIRE HAS  
DIED DOWN.  
LOOK AT THAT  
OUTLINE IN  
THE ASHES,  
MARGO.

WHY--WHY--IT'S  
EXACTLY LIKE  
A LARGE  
LIZARD!



IT WAS A LIZARD, MARGO.  
A SALAMANDER THAT  
LIVES IN FIRE! IT KILLED  
THULL, THEN ITS OWN  
LIFE FADED WITH  
THE DYING FLAME!



A  
SALAMANDER!  
BUT I DIDN'T  
KNOW THAT  
SUCH  
CREATURES  
REALLY  
EXISTED!

THIS ONE  
DID. NOW  
PERHAPS  
HAWKINS  
CAN TELL US  
WHO BROUGHT  
THE LOGS FOR  
THULL'S FIRE!



YOU STAY HERE,  
MARGO, WHILE  
I INVESTIGATE.



OLD TOBY, THE  
WOOD-CUTTER  
BROUGHT  
THOSE LOGS!  
HE LIVES  
YONDER  
IN  
THOSE WOODS!

ALL  
RIGHT,  
BUT BE  
CAREFUL

MEANWHILE, IN A CAVERN  
SEVERAL MILES AWAY--

BAFFLING  
CIRCUMSTANCES  
SURROUND THE  
DEATH OF  
LEONARD THULL--

IT SERVES  
THULL  
RIGHT! HE  
WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE  
THAT I  
COULD  
TRANSMUTE  
BASE METAL  
INTO GOLD!

THULL  
FURNISHED  
MONEY FOR  
YOUR EXPERI-  
MENTS, AND  
HE WANTED  
SOME  
RETURN!

BUT  
SO FAR YOU  
HAVEN'T --  
MASTER!

THULL  
WOULD  
HAVE  
GAINED  
HIS GOLD  
IF HE HAD  
WAITED!  
I AM MON-  
STRODAMUS!  
TO ME ALL  
THINGS ARE  
POSSIBLE!

LOOK OUT  
FOR THE  
SALAMANDERS,  
MASTER!

EVEN SALAMANDERS  
FEAR MONSTRODAMUS!  
COME, LET US EXAMINE  
THE CRUCIBLE!

STILL ONLY  
MOLTEN LEAD,  
MASTER!  
SOMETHING  
IS WRONG  
WITH YOUR  
FORMULA  
FOR GOLD!

BAH! I  
SHALL  
PROVE  
MYSELF  
AN  
ALCHEMIST!  
COME!



HERE ARE ALL THE  
INGREDIENTS  
FOR MAKING  
GOLD ACCORDING  
TO THE ANCIENT  
ARCHIVE!

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN  
ONE THING, MASTER.  
YOU NEED THE  
CABALISTIC WORDS  
OF THE ANCIENT  
EGYPTIANS!

PACK MY ALCHEMICAL  
APPLIANCES! I SHALL  
SHOW THEM TO  
DARIEL GREBB  
IN RETURN FOR  
THE MYSTIC WORDS!

BUT GREBB  
DOES NOT  
KNOW THE  
CABALA,  
MASTER!  
HE ONLY  
COLLECTS  
EGYPTIAN ART  
AND MUMMIES!

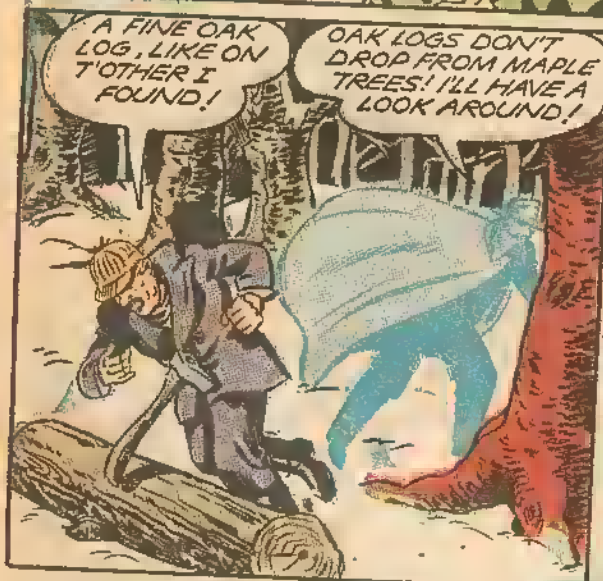
MUMMIES! GOOD!  
WITH THIS ELIXIR, I  
SHALL BRING A  
MUMMY BACK TO  
LIFE AND LEARN  
THE RIDDLE OF THE  
AGES!

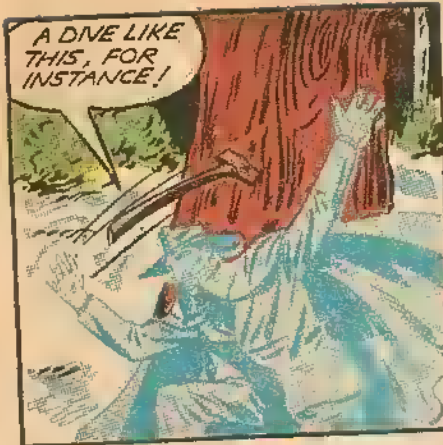
BUT SUPPOSE  
GREBB WILL  
NOT LISTEN,  
MASTER --

THEN HE WILL  
FARE AS THULL  
DID. FETCH  
THE OAK LOG  
FROM MY SANCTUM!

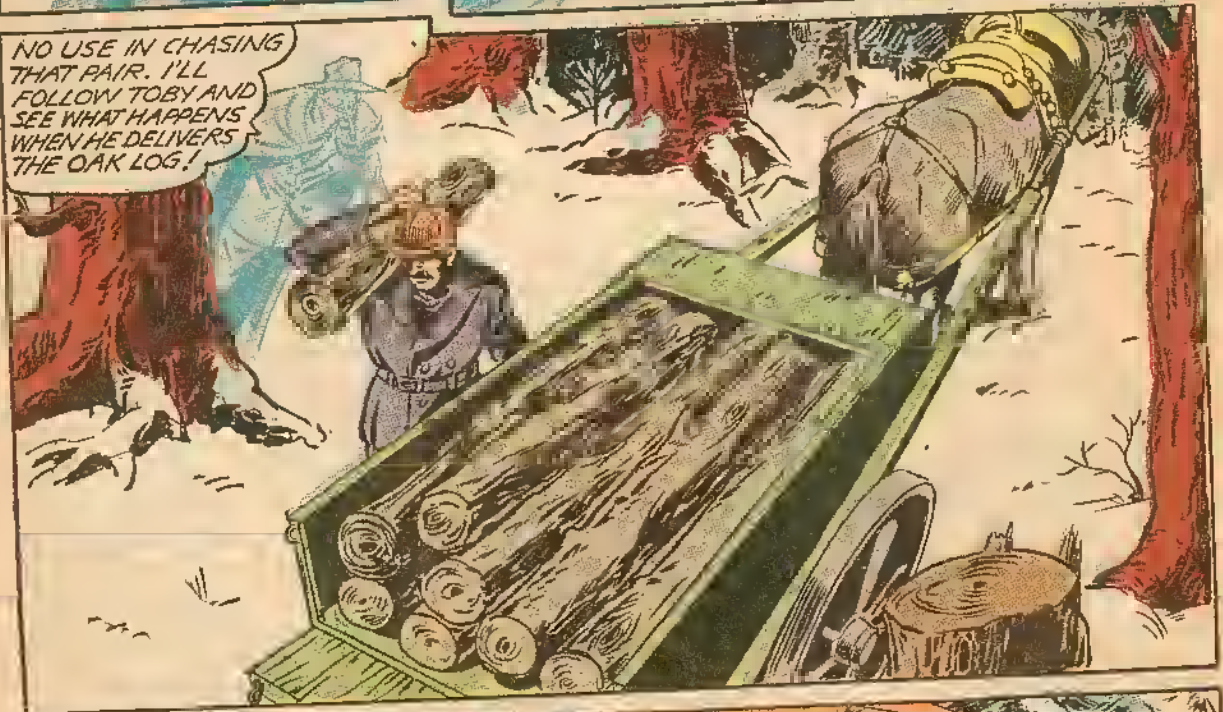
GO! PLACE THE  
LOG WHERE  
OLD ROBY  
WILL FIND IT  
AND CARRY IT  
TO GREBB'S  
HOME!

I GO,  
MASTER.





NO USE IN CHASING THAT PAIR. I'LL FOLLOW TOBY AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE DELIVERS THE OAK LOG!

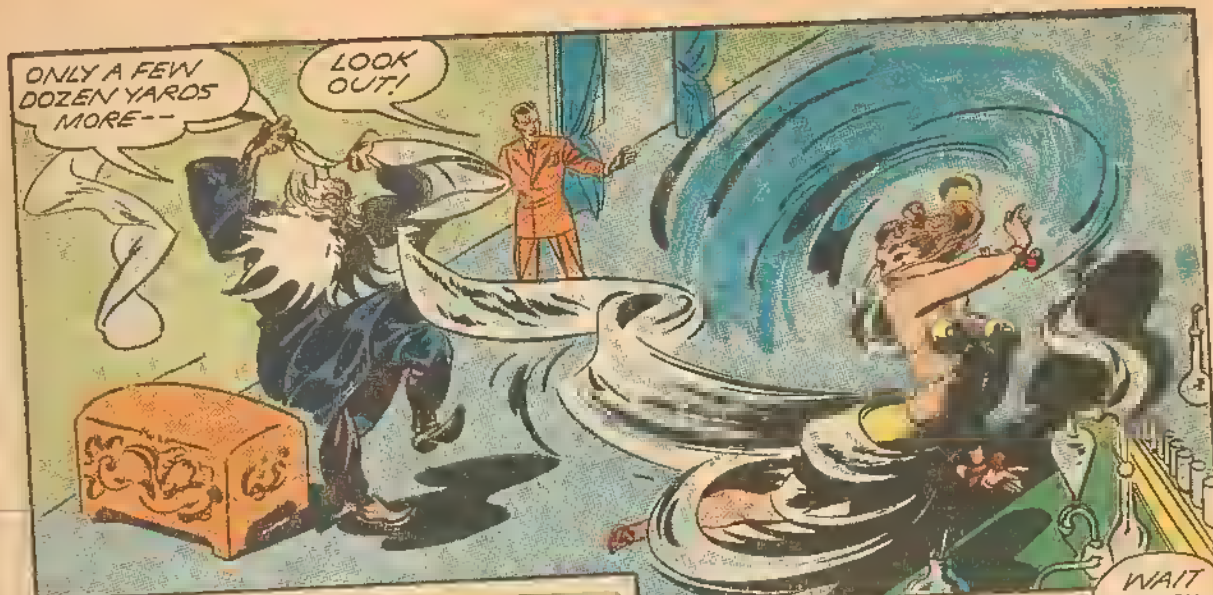


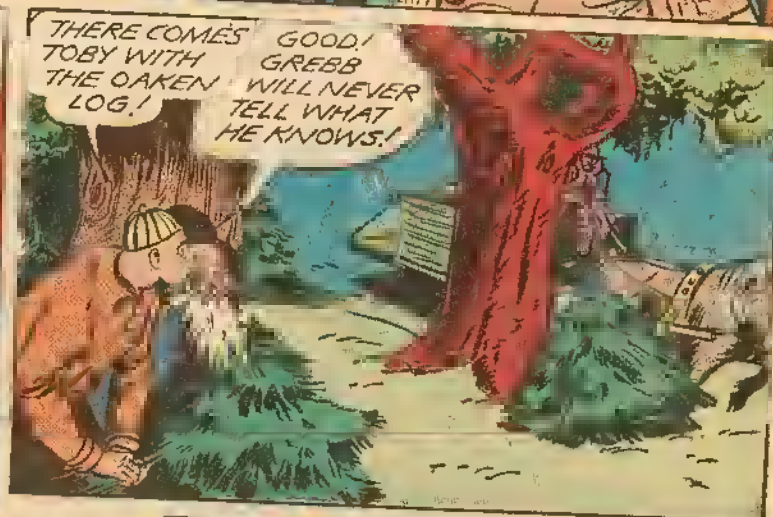
WHEREVER WE'RE GOING, IT CAN'T BE FAR FROM THULL'S. THIS ROAD SHOULD LEAD TO MONSTRODAMUS!



IN THE MUSEUM AT GREBB'S HOME --







BUT WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THE  
PRINCESS,  
MASTER?

SHE PROBABLY  
STARTED TO  
FIND THE CAVE  
HERSELF. NEVER  
MIND ABOUT  
THEBA. I AM  
THINKING OF  
GREBB AND THE  
QUICK DEATH  
THAT AWAITS  
HIM!



WHAT STRANGE  
ORACLES THESE  
PEOPLE CONSULT!

YES, AN EGYPTIAN  
PRINCESS--COME ON  
OVER, MARGO, AND  
MEET HER.

SOUNDS  
WACKY,  
BUT I'LL  
COME  
OVER!



THAT WAS  
A FINE OAK  
LOG, TOBY.  
THANKS FOR  
PUTTING IT  
ON THE FIRE  
FOR ME.

GOOD-  
BYE, MR.  
GREBB!

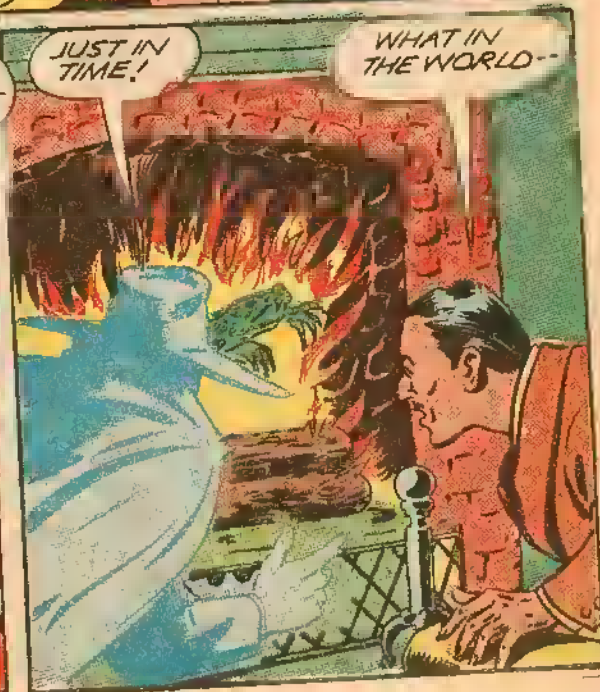
THE  
SALAMANDER  
LOG!

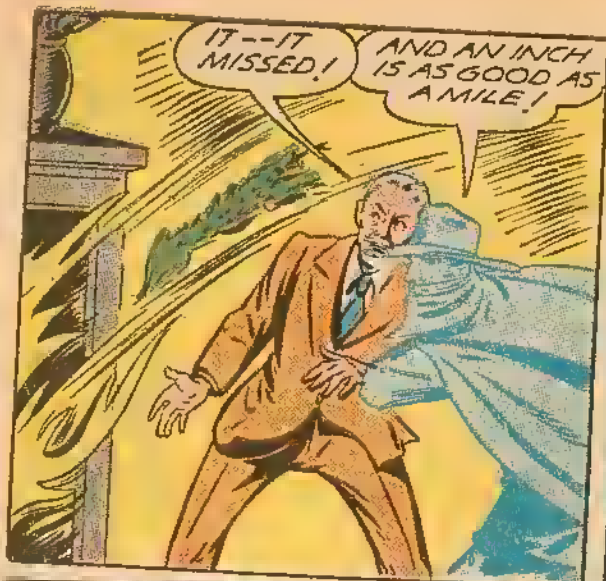
NUMBER,  
PLEASE--

IT MUST  
BE THE  
VOICE OF THE  
GODDESS  
ISIS!

JUST IN  
TIME!

WHAT IN  
THE WORLD--







GREETINGS,  
PRINCESS.  
BUT WHAT  
IS THIS YOU  
BRING?

A SOUVENIR THAT I  
FOUND AT GREBB'S.  
NOW, MONSTRODAMUS,  
SHOW ME THE CRUCIBLE  
WHERE YOU MAKE GOLD!



ONE MOMENT,  
PRINCESS THEBA!  
YOU ARE BECOMING  
MODERN FAR TOO  
RAPIDLY!

I'D TOO  
MODERN?  
HOW?



YOU COULD NOT HAVE  
ACQUIRED A VACCINATION  
MARK IN SO SHORT A TIME!  
IT PROVES YOU ARE NOT  
PRINCESS  
THEBA!

OH!



SEIZE  
HER!

I WARN  
YOU! THIS  
SKULL  
CONTAINS  
A GRENADE!

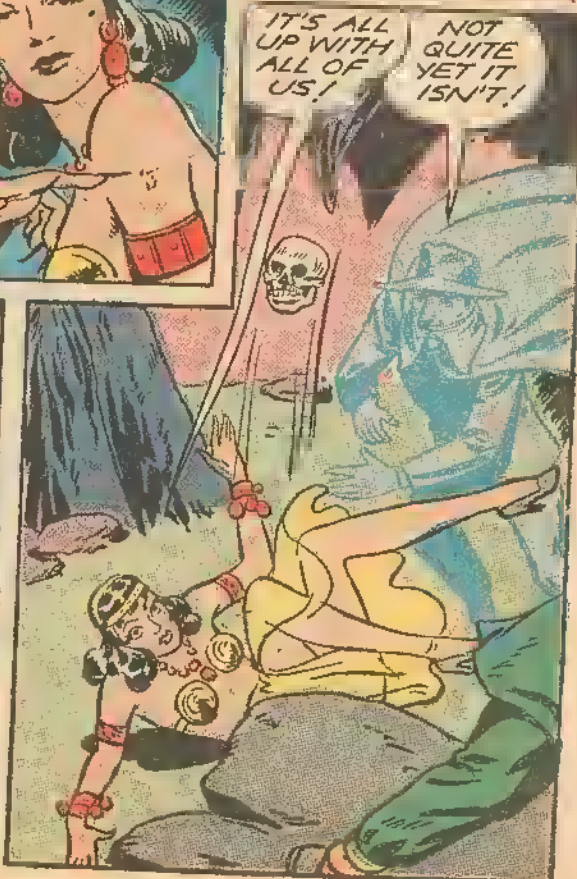


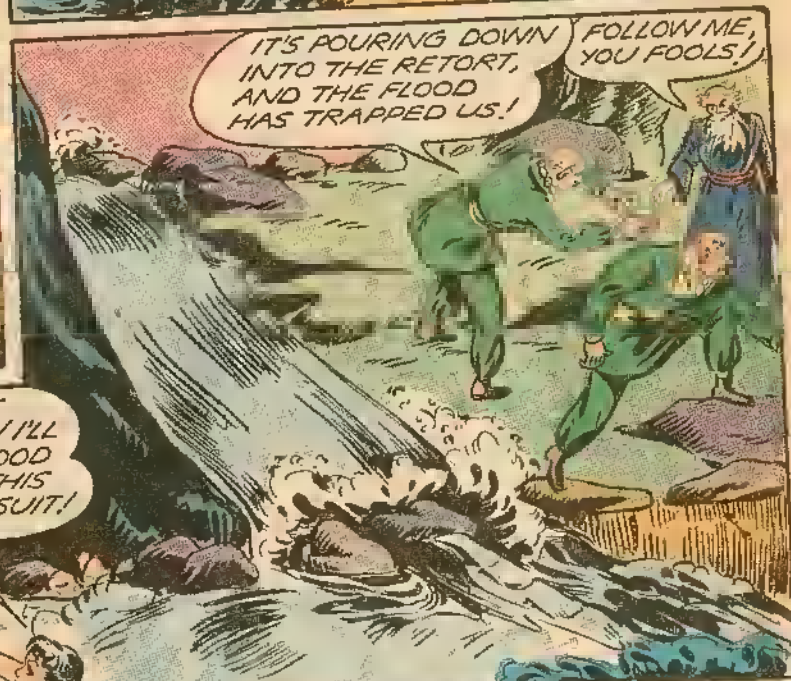
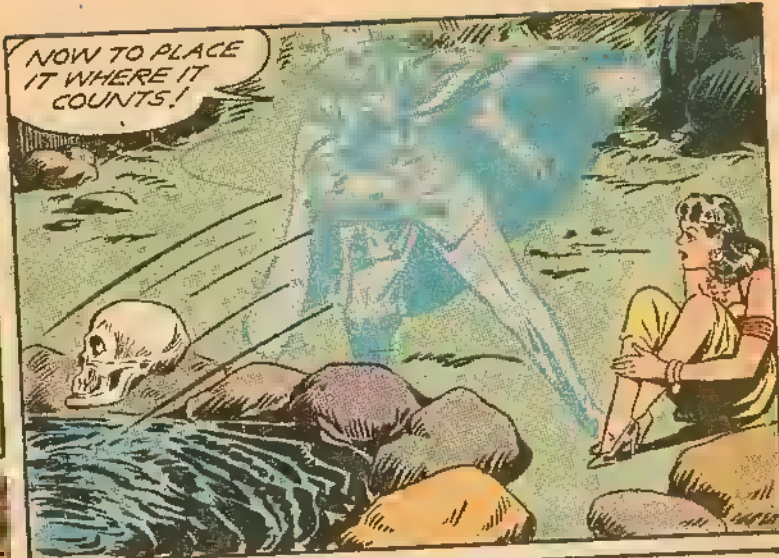
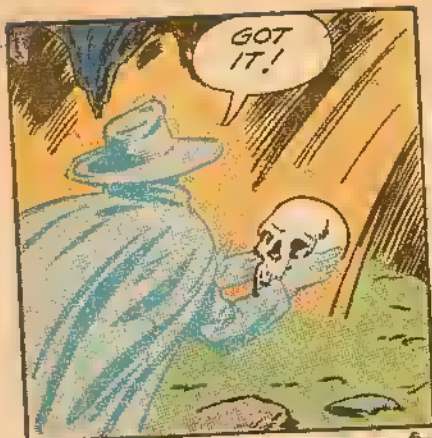
TAKE IT  
AWAY  
FROM  
HER!

QUICK,  
MARGO!  
TOSS  
IT!

IT'S ALL  
UP WITH  
ALL OF  
US!

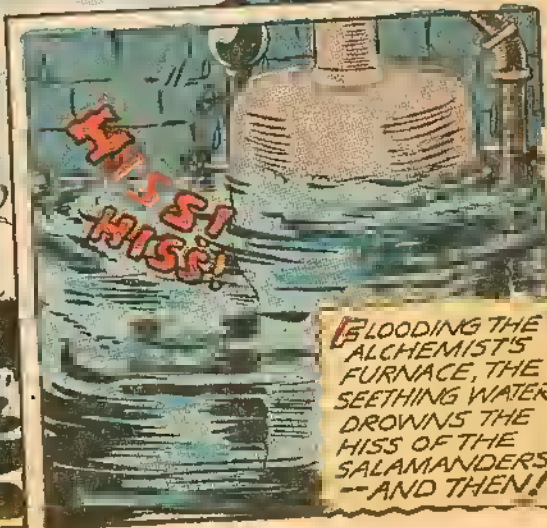
NOT  
QUITE  
YET IT  
ISN'T!

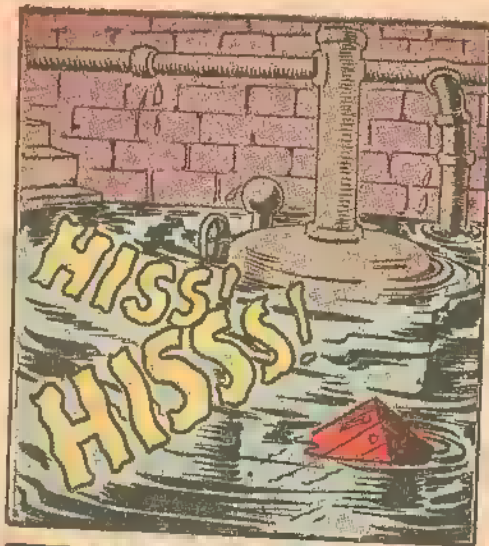




COME ON, MARGO! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, QUICK!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL MAKE GOOD TIME IN THIS RUNNING SUIT!





A GIGANTIC SURGE OF STEAM BLOWS THE HOLLOW HILLSIDE INSIDE OUT, TURNING THE SECRET CAVERN INTO A VOLCANIC CRATER!!



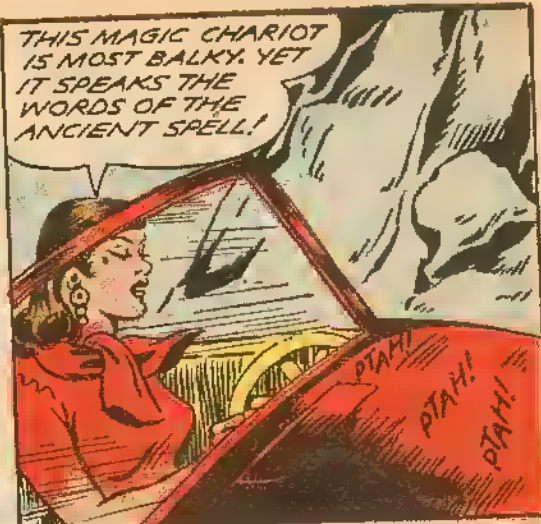
WE MADE IT, MARGO!  
THERE GOES THE  
STRONGHOLD OF  
MONSTRODAMUS!

LOOK AT THOSE  
SALAMANDERS  
SCATTER!

BUT  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
MONSTRO-  
DAMUS?

HE MAY  
HAVE FOUND  
ANOTHER WAY  
OUT. WE'LL HURRY  
AROUND THE HILL  
AND SEE!

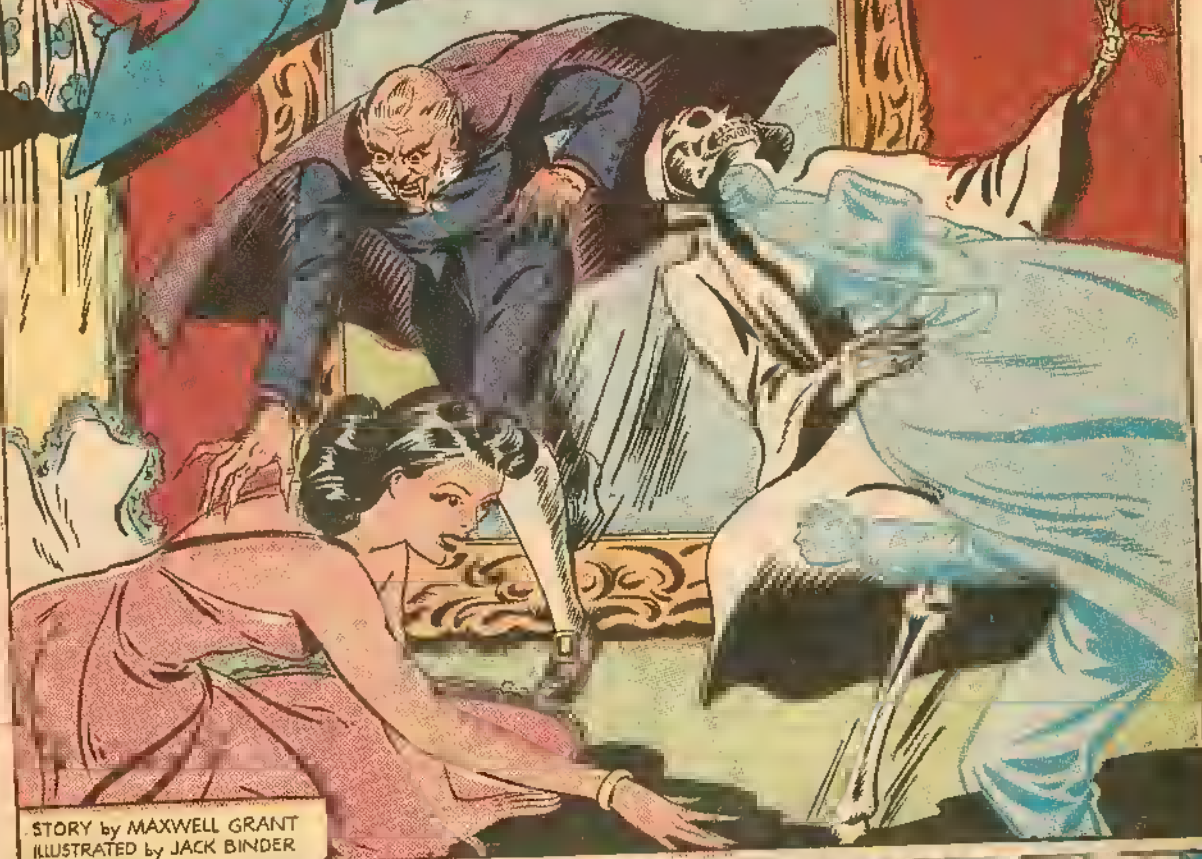






THE

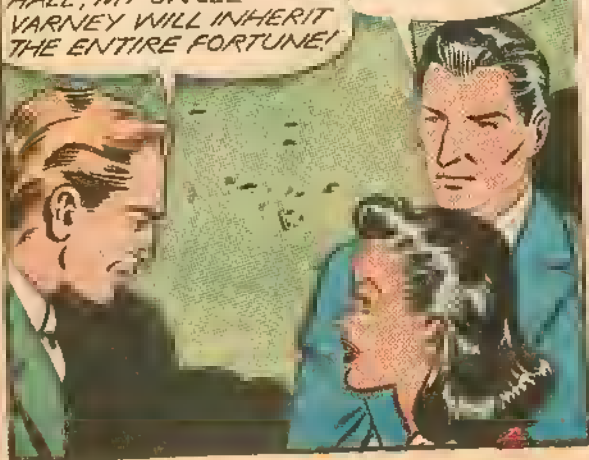
# Shadow

in  
VAMPIRE HALL

STORY by MAXWELL GRANT  
ILLUSTRATED by JACK BINDER

UNLESS SOME  
GUEST STAYS OVER  
NIGHT IN HALDREW  
HALL, MY UNCLE  
VARNEY WILL INHERIT  
THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!

MARGO, THIS IS  
PHIL HALDREW.  
WE'RE GOING TO  
HELP HIM!

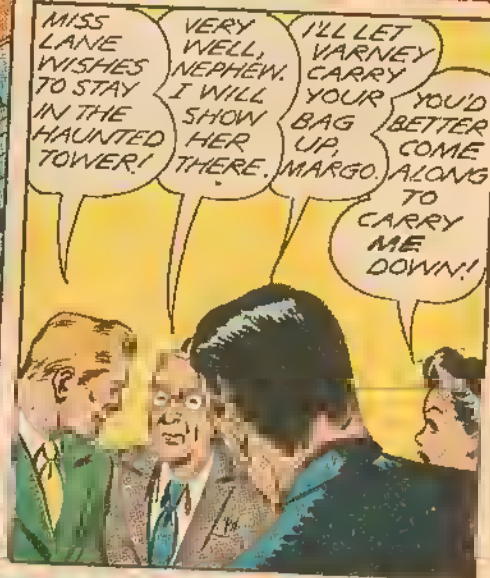
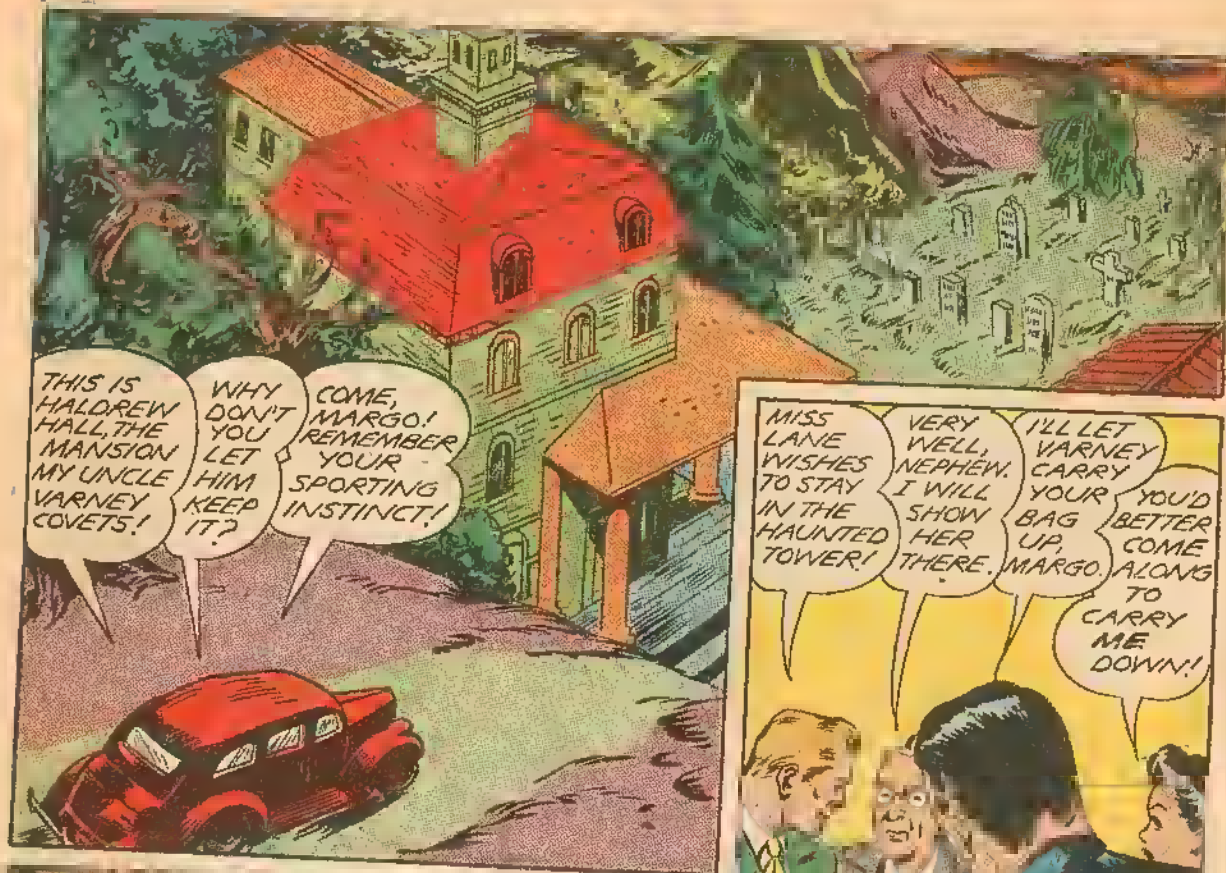


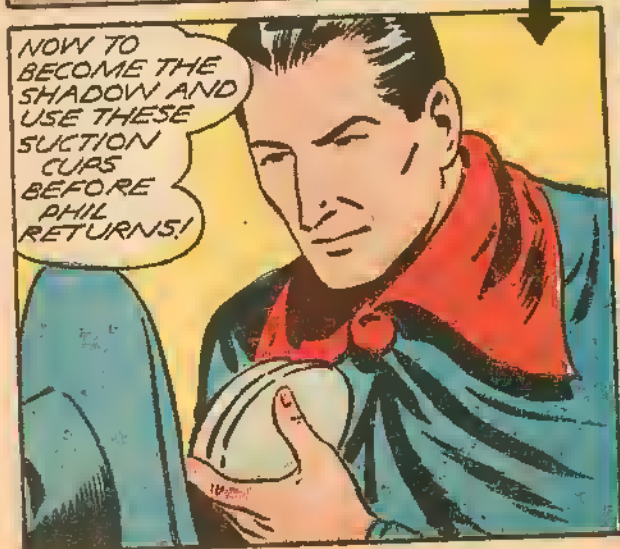
APPARENTLY  
YOUR UNCLE  
WANTS TO  
GYP YOU,  
PHIL.

YES, THROUGH  
THE PECULIAR  
PROVISO IN MY  
GRANDFATHER'S  
WILL.

AND I'M TO  
BE THE  
GUINEA  
PIG--I  
MEAN  
GUEST!







MEANWHILE--

WELL, THAT  
MEANS VARNEY  
IS IN THE STUDY  
ALL RIGHT!

SLAM!

DID I DREAM I  
HEARD A FUNNY  
SOUND--OR DID  
I HEAR ONE?

Click!

HOLD IT,  
MARGO!

YOWWW!  
THAT  
PORTRAIT  
IS ALIVE!  
I'M GETTING  
OUT OF  
HERE!

I AM  
VARNEY  
THE  
VAMPIRE!

I'VE GOT  
HIM,  
MARGO!

--AND I  
BELONG  
WITH THE  
DEAD--  
ERRKK!

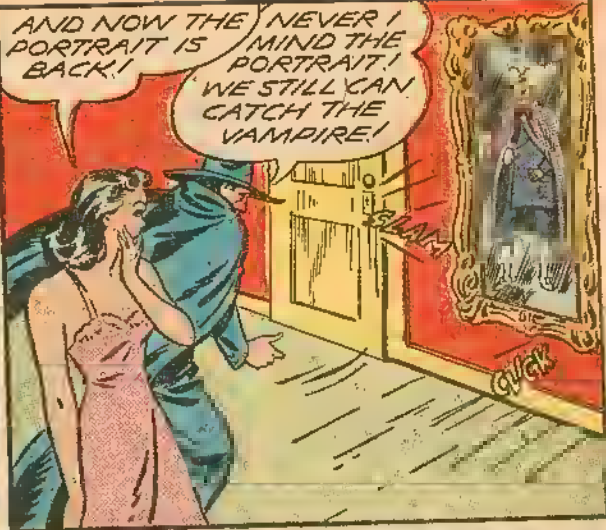
THAT'S WHERE  
YOU WILL BE  
WHEN I  
LAND WITH  
THIS!

OHH--I MISSED!

I'VE KNOCKED THE SHADOW VISIBLE--AND THERE GOES THE VAMPIRE!



AND NOW THE PORTRAIT IS BACK!  
NEVER I MIND THE PORTRAIT!  
WE STILL CAN CATCH THE VAMPIRE!



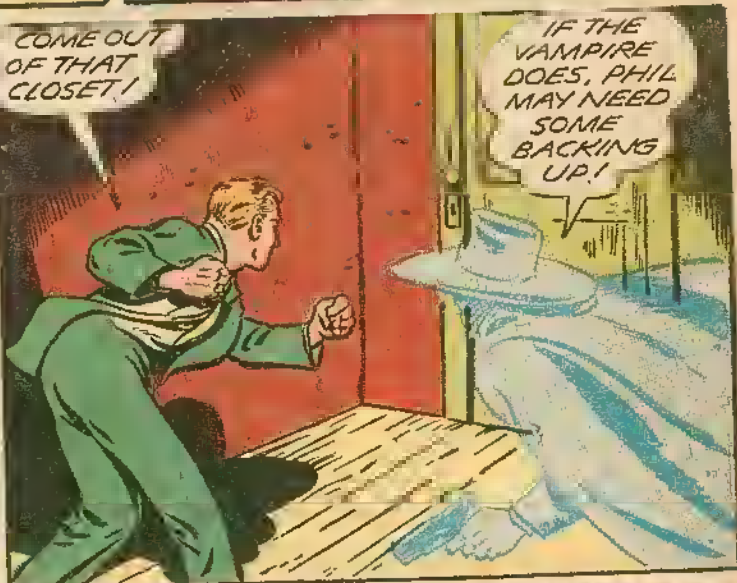
THERE HE GOES!



LOOKS LIKE PHIL IS IN AHEAD OF ME!

I'LL STOP HIM, MARGO!

COME OUT OF THAT CLOSET!

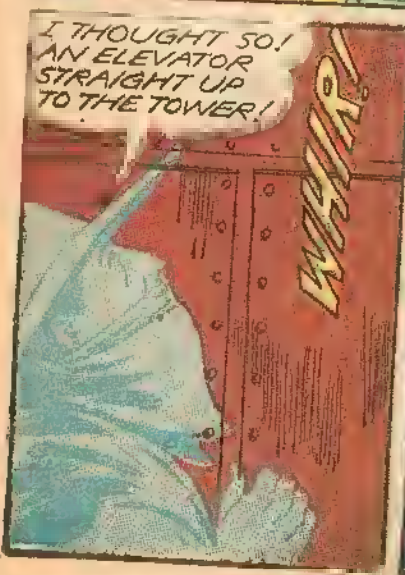
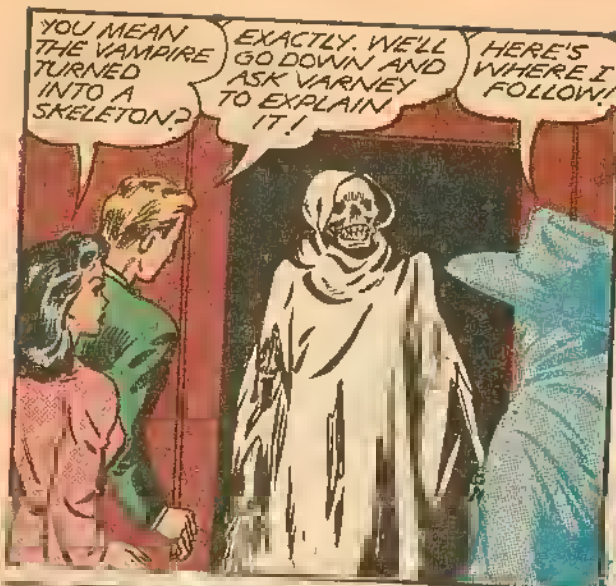


IF THE VAMPIRE DOES, PHIL MAY NEED SOME BACKING UP!

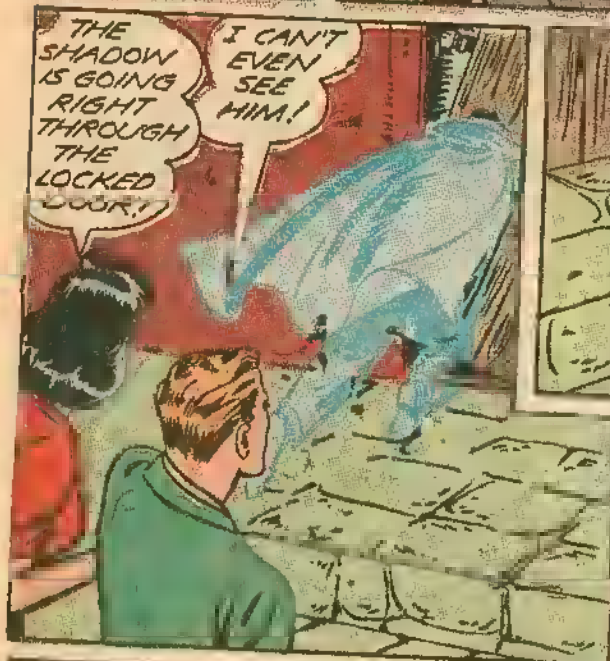
YOW!  
A SKELETON!



THERE'S ONE CLOSET THAT DOES HAVE A SKELETON!







# Beebo

of JUNGLE ISLE  
and his  
WONDER HORSE

## FLEET

in **THREAT  
FROM  
AFAR**

Many years ago, a small sailing vessel bound for Australia was driven far off its course by a raging hurricane. A young man and wife, knowing they were about to die, strapped their baby to their faithful horse's back and bade the animal to leap into the sea and swim for shore.

Minutes later, the ship was wrecked on the reefs, but Fleet-the horse - battled his way to shore and the baby was safe. Grown to a fine young man, **Beebo** has become Jungle Isle's king...

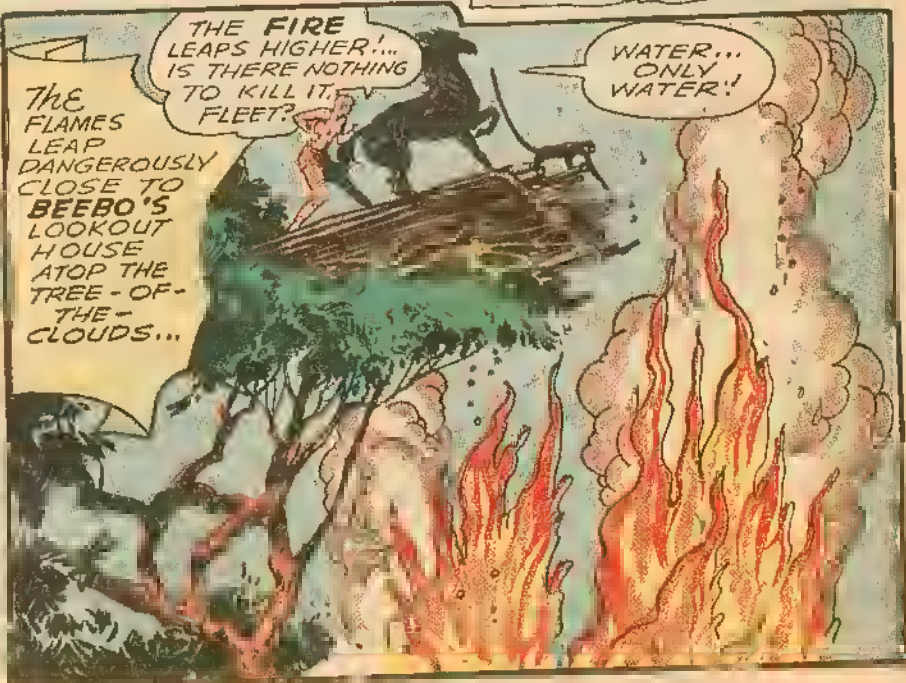
STORY BY ED GRUSKIN  
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

Daily adventures make **Beebo's** life a thrilling one, but now cannibals have invaded the island. At **Beebo's** order, the animals surround them. Frightened, the cannibals set fire to the jungle!...

The flames leap dangerously close to **Beebo's** lookout house atop the tree-of-the-clouds...

THE FIRE  
LEAPS HIGHER!...  
IS THERE NOTHING  
TO KILL IT,  
FLEET?

WATER...  
ONLY  
WATER!



IF ONLY THE  
CLOUDS WOULD  
ROLL OVER US  
AND OPEN THEIR  
BELLIES!...

IF THEY DO NOT COME  
SOON, THE FIRE WILL EAT  
EVERYTHING... ITS HUNGER  
WILL NOT BE OVER TILL  
ALL IS DEVoured!

Meantime, THE CANNIBALS BELOW  
ARE ATTACKED BY THE  
FRIGHTENED, MADDENED ANIMALS!...

THE FIRE WHICH THEY  
BROUGHT TO JUNGLE ISLE  
CLOSES OVER  
THE EVIL CHIEF  
AND HIS  
WARRIORS!

IT IS THE  
WHITE WITCH  
BOY!... HE  
HAS DONE  
THIS...  
OWWWWWW!

OWWWRRKK!

HELLPP!

GRRWWWK!

SUMMONING BULA,  
THE ELEPHANT,  
BEEBO DIRECTS HIM  
TO LOWER FLEET  
TO THE GROUND...

GO TO THE BEACH...  
STAND IN THE WATER...  
THE  
NOT EAT YOU!

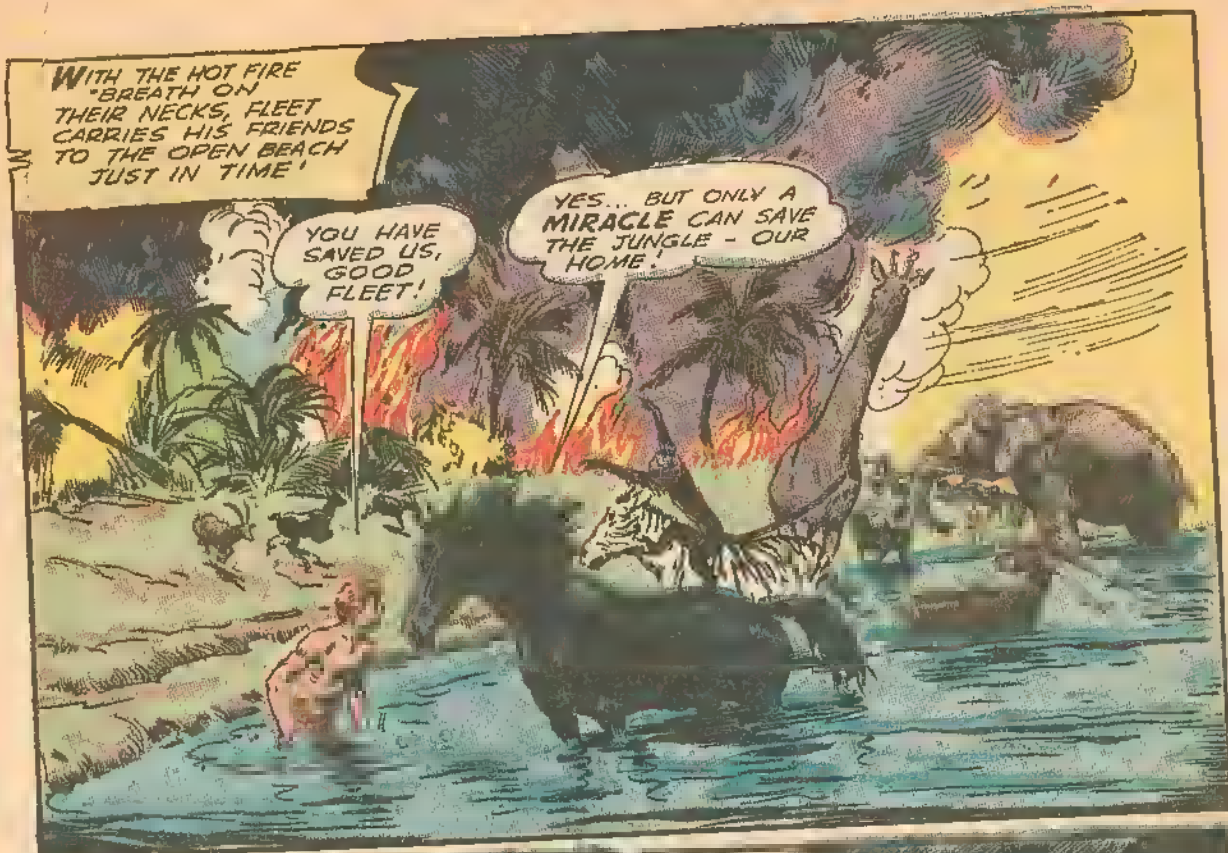
WE HEAR  
BEEBO!

WE  
GO!

FASTER... FASTER, FLEET!  
THE FIRE LEAPS AT US  
WITH HUNGRY TONGUE!

POOR ME!...  
POOR ME!...  
I BURN AND  
SMART ALL  
OVER WHERE  
IT LICKED ME!  
... AND MY  
BEAUTIFUL

MESS!...  
WOE...  
YIK!



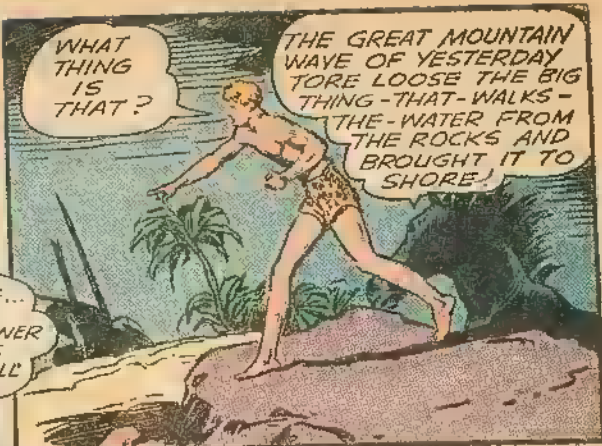


THE HEAVEN-SENT TORRENT OF ALMOST SOLID WATER, KILLS THE HUNGRY FIRE IN A CLOUD OF REBELLIOUS STEAM!



THEN - AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME, IT WAS GONE! THE SKY IS CLOUD-LESS - A VIBRANT PURE BLUE. A SHIMMERING RAINBOW ARCHES OVER. A HEAD. THE ANIMALS WAIT IN GRATEFUL, SILENT AWE - THEIR EYES RAISED TO THE SYMBOL OF THE KIND, HEAVENLY POWER THAT HAS SAVED THEM...

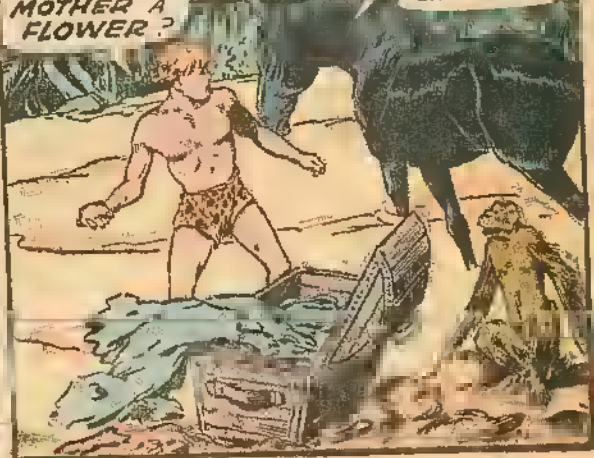


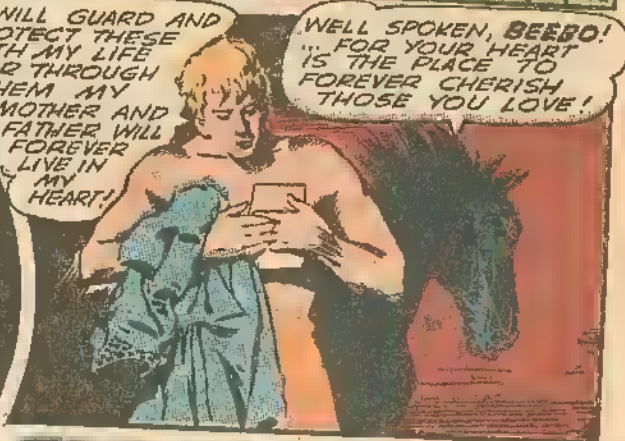
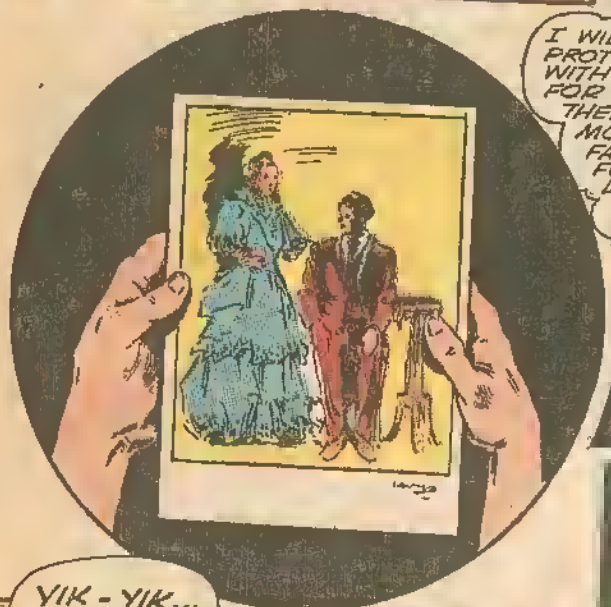
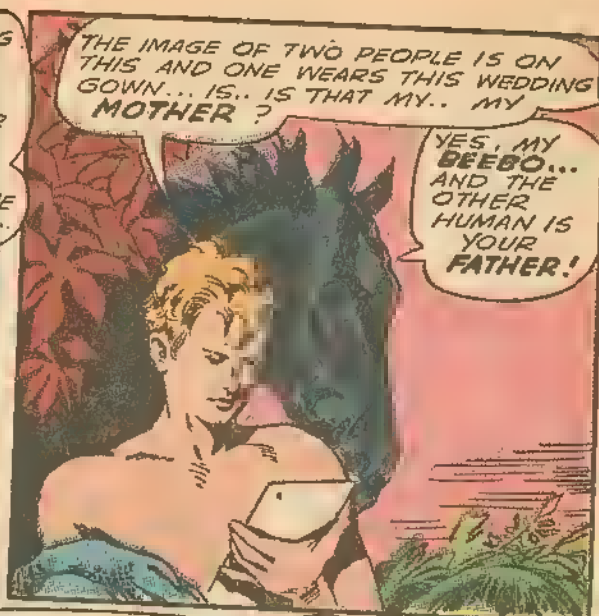
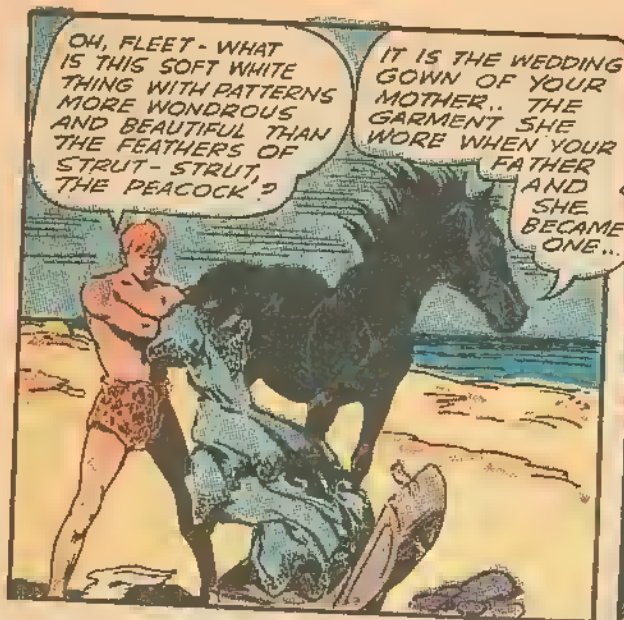


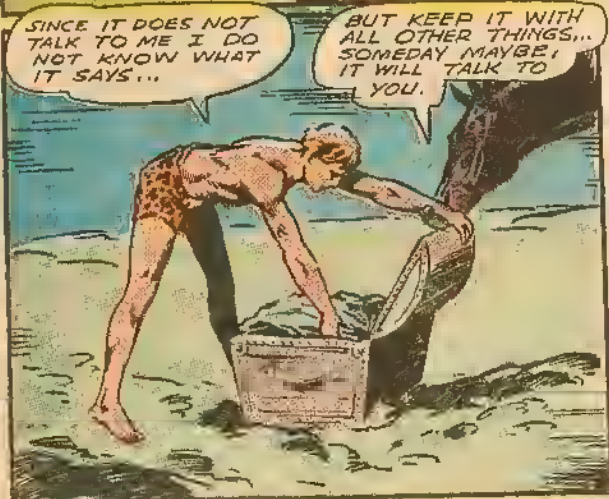
EXCITEDLY, BEEBO SMASHES THE LOCK  
WITH A ROCK AND OPENS THE CHEST!

OHhhh... WHAT A  
WONDERFUL SMELL!...  
LIKE ALL THE FLOWERS  
OF THE JUNGLE!...  
FLEET - WAS MY  
MOTHER A  
FLOWER?

NO, GOOD BEEBO...  
SHE WAS GENTLE  
AND KIND AS A  
DELICATE FLOWER,  
BUT A HUMAN  
LIKE YOU!







# THE "THING" WHOSE "MARKINGS TALK"..



## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF Martin Botel

BE IT KNOWN THAT I, MARTIN BOTEL, BEING OF SANE MIND AND SOUND BODY, DO HEREBY BEQUEATH IN THE FOLLOWING SUCCESSION ALL OF MY WORLDLY GOODS;

FIRST TO MY BELOVED WIFE JEAN BOTEL; IF THE LORD IN HIS WISDOM SHOULD TAKE HER TO HIM BEFORE OR WITH ME, THEN IN THAT EVENT ALL OF SAID WORLDLY GOODS SHALL BECOME THE PROPERTY OF MY SON, WILLIAM BOTEL.

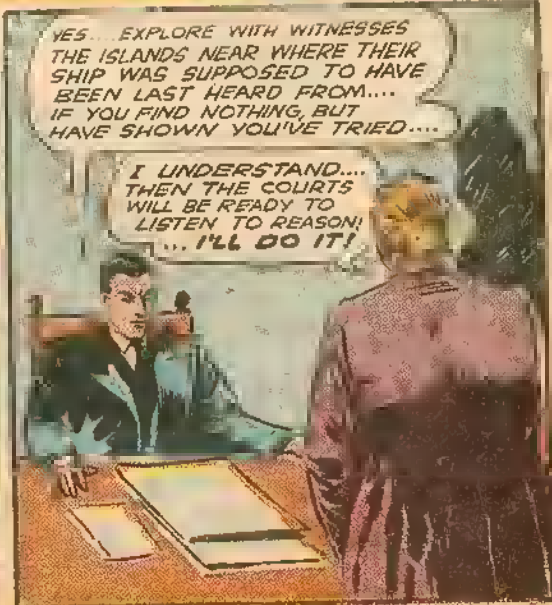
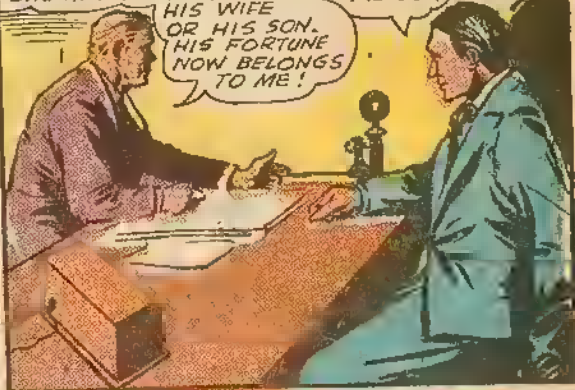
IN WITNESS WHEREOF  
Martin Botel

Lamont Cranston  
WITNESS

IF BEEBO HAD KNOWN THAT AT THAT MOMENT, "THE THING THAT TALKS" WAS UNDER DISCUSSION IN AN OFFICE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN SAN FRANCISCO, HE WOULD HAVE TREATED IT WITH GREATER RESPECT!

LOOK, MR. CRANSTON, MY BROTHER, MARTIN BOTEL HAS BEEN GONE FOR 12 YEARS NOW. NO ONE HAS HEARD OF HIM, HIS WIFE OR HIS SON. HIS FORTUNE NOW BELONGS TO ME!

THE COURTS DISAGREE. THERE IS NO PROOF THAT THEY WERE KILLED!



JAMES BOTEL, BEEBO'S UNCLE, GATHERS A CREW FOR THE JOURNEY... THE TOUGHEST FROM THE FRISCO WHARVES...

WHAT DO WE DO IF WE FIND DIS BRUDDER O'YOURS?

KILL HIM OR HIS KID... THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING A TOUGH, HEARTLESS CREW LIKE YOU! IF OUR ARE YOU GAME?

SOUNDS REASON-ABLE TO ME... IF OUR CUT'S BIG ENOUGH?



THERE'S ENOUGH FOR US ALL TO LIVE LIKE KINGS THE REST OF OUR LIVES, ONCE WE PROVE THEY'RE DEAD!

SOUNDS GREAT... I'LL GO! ME TOO.

COUNT ME IN.



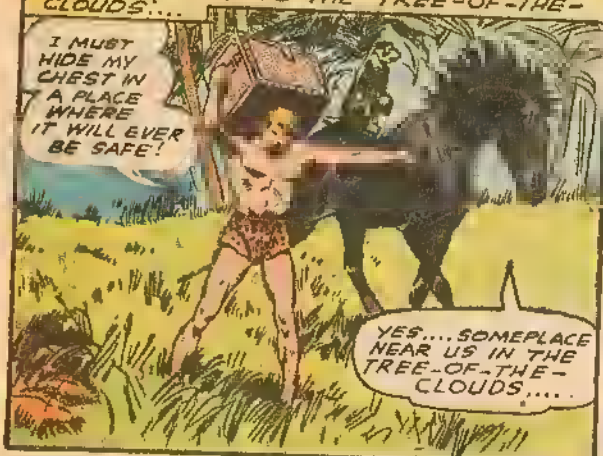
The "BARGAIN OF BLOOD" IS SEALED WITH STRAIGHT WHISKEY!...

TO SUCCESS!



UNAWARE OF THE HORRIBLE PLOT AGAINST HIM BY ONE OF HIS OWN BLOOD, BEEBO HAPPILY RETURNS TO THE TREE-OF-THE-CLOUDS...

I MUST HIDE MY CHEST IN A PLACE WHERE IT WILL EVER BE SAFE!

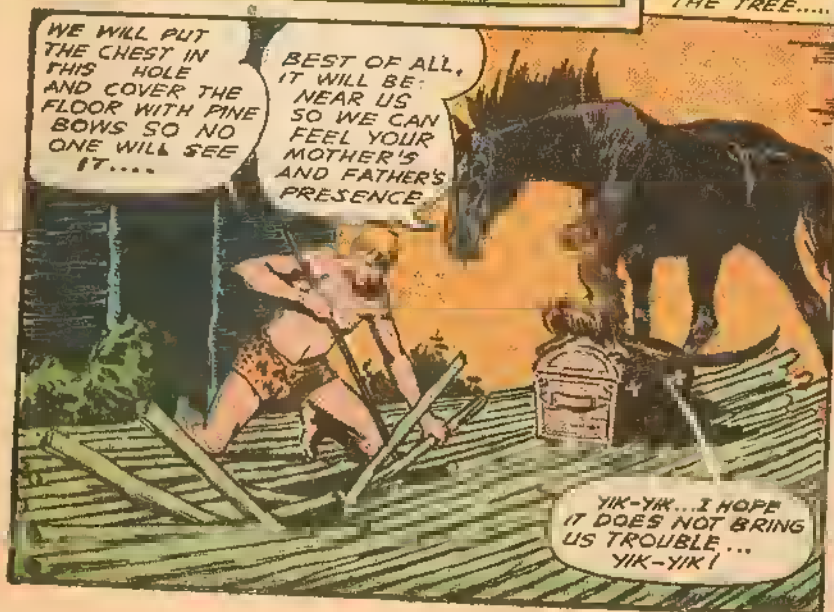


YES... SOMEPLACE NEAR US IN THE TREE-OF-THE-CLOUDS....

BACK ATOP THE TREE OF THE CLOUDS, BEEBO, WITH A SHARP ROCK, CHIPS OUT A HOLE THE SIZE OF THE CHEST IN THE TREE....

WE WILL PUT THE CHEST IN THIS HOLE AND COVER THE FLOOR WITH PINE BOWS SO NO ONE WILL SEE IT....

BEST OF ALL, IT WILL BE NEAR US SO WE CAN FEEL YOUR MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S PRESENCE.



YIK-YIK... I HOPE IT DOES NOT BRING US TROUBLE... YIK-YIK!

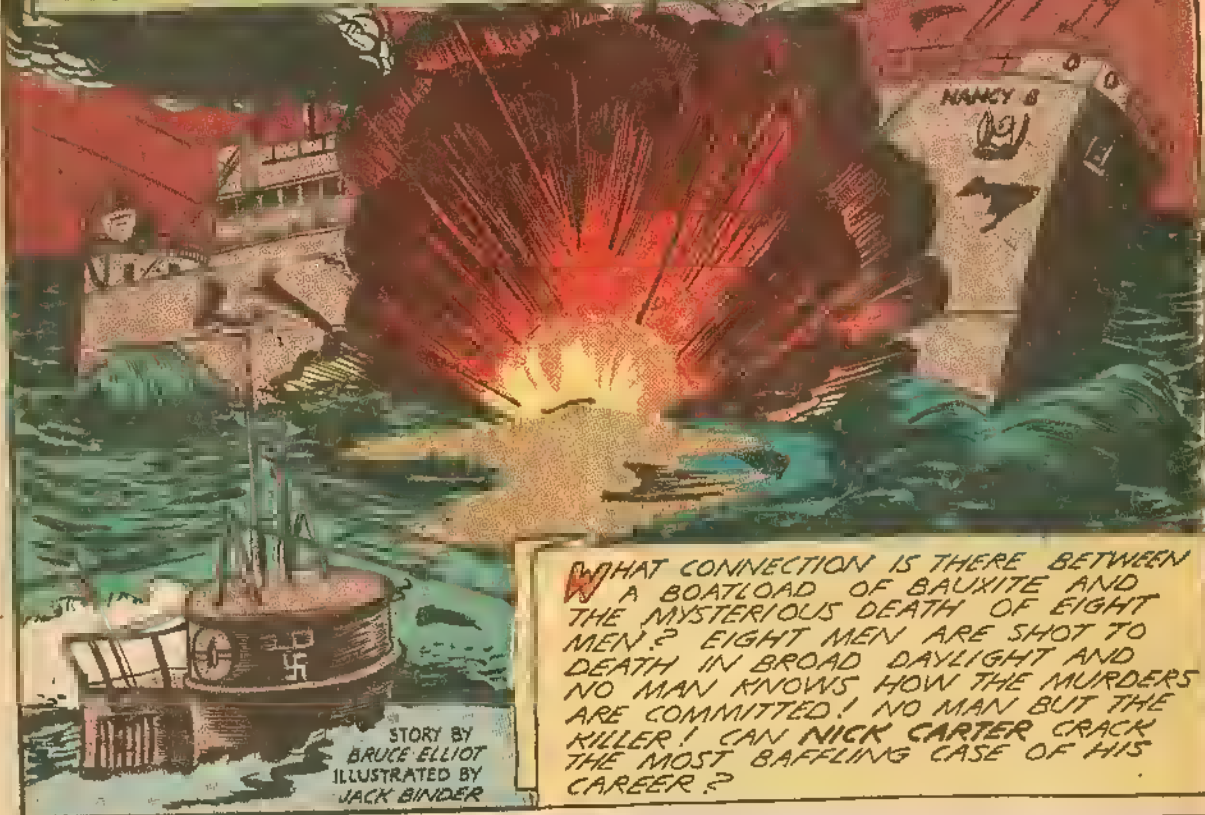
CHEETA DOES NOT KNOW HIS WORDS ARE ALMOST PROPHETIC! FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, JAMES BOTEL, BEEBO'S UNCLE, IS STARTING ON THE LONG TRIP TO HUNT OUT AND TO KILL BEEBO FOR THE GREAT FORTUNE BEEBO'S FATHER LEFT.

WILL HE FIND BEEBO? ...AND WHAT JUNGLE ADVENTURES AWAIT THE JUNGLE BOY AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE MORROW?

Read  
THE NEXT ISSUE  
OF  
SHADOW COMICS  
AND FIND OUT!

# NICK CARTER

in "DAVY JONES' LOCKER"



WHAT CONNECTION IS THERE BETWEEN A BOATLOAD OF BAUXITE AND THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF EIGHT MEN? EIGHT MEN ARE SHOT TO DEATH IN BROAD DAYLIGHT AND NO MAN KNOWS HOW THE MURDERS ARE COMMITTED! NO MAN BUT THE KILLER! CAN NICK CARTER CRACK THE MOST BAFFLING CASE OF HIS CAREER?

STORY BY  
BRUCE ELLIOT  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
JACK BINDER

NICK CARTER IS CALLED TO THE MARITIME BOARD--

NOW DO YOU SEE WHY WE HAVE A DIM-OUT ALONG THE COAST?

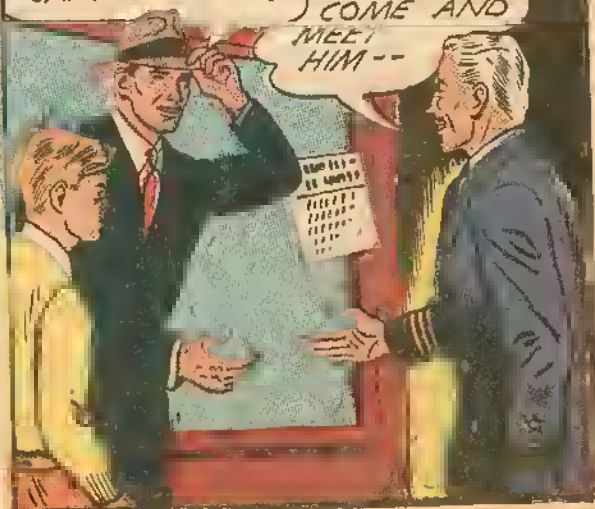
GEE, YOU MEAN THESE BOATS WERE SUNK, MAYBE, BY NAZI SUBS WHO SPOTTED THEM BECAUSE OF LIGHTS IN HOUSES?

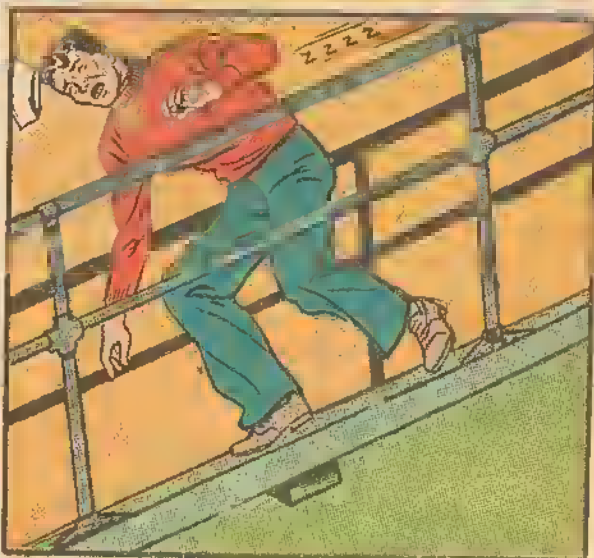
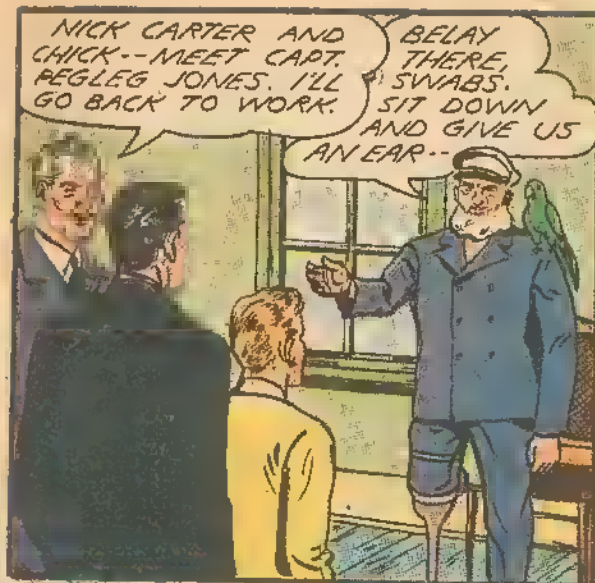
MARITIME  
BOARD

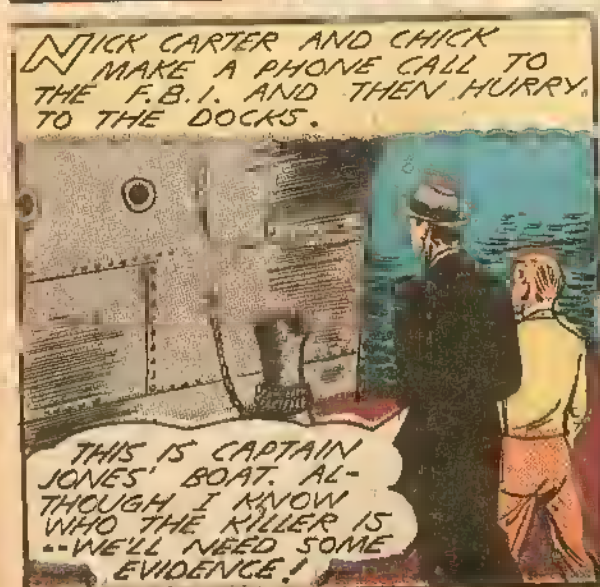
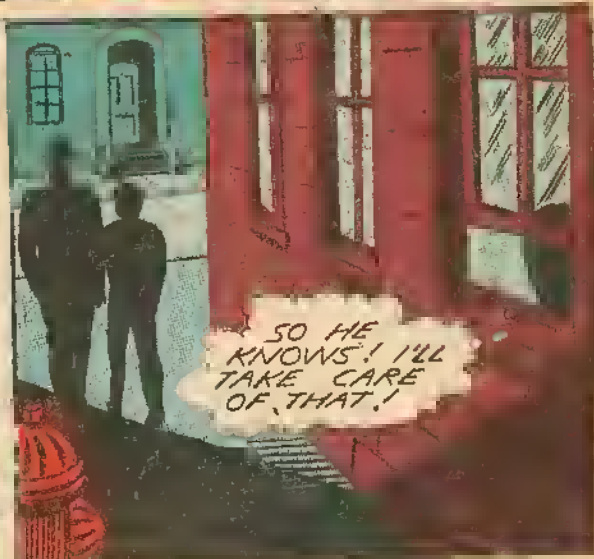
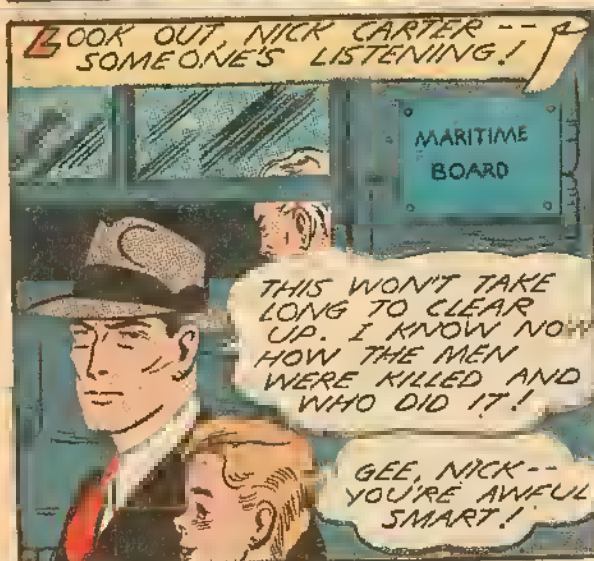
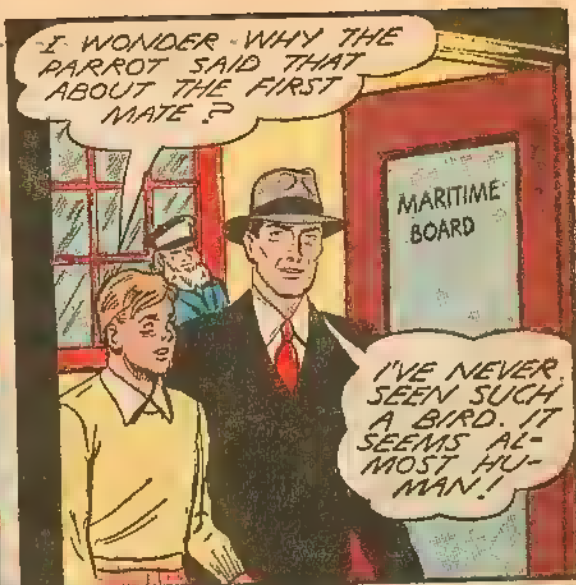
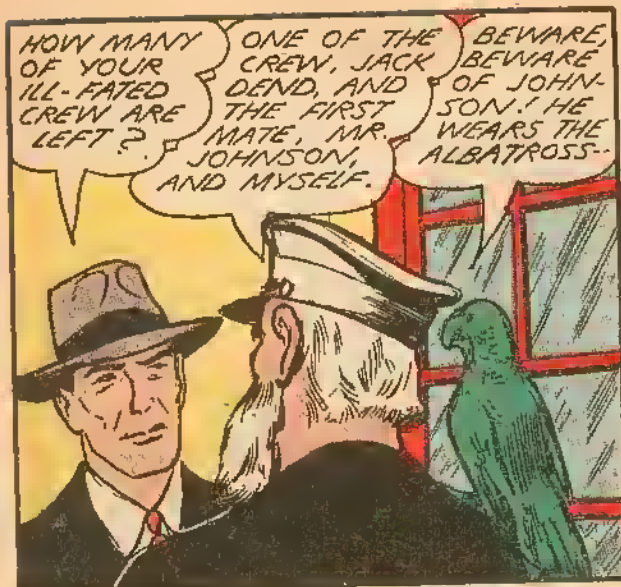
MISSING --  
NO WORD  
PETROLA  
UNIVERSE  
LARGOS  
MARY K  
VENDI  
NA  
GUNDELLO

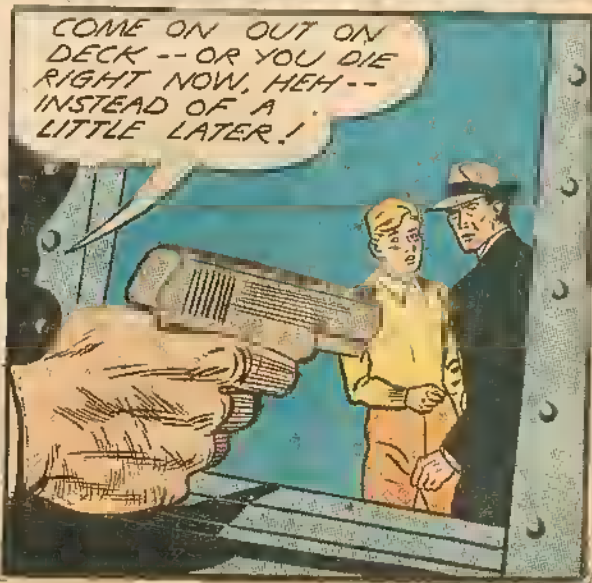
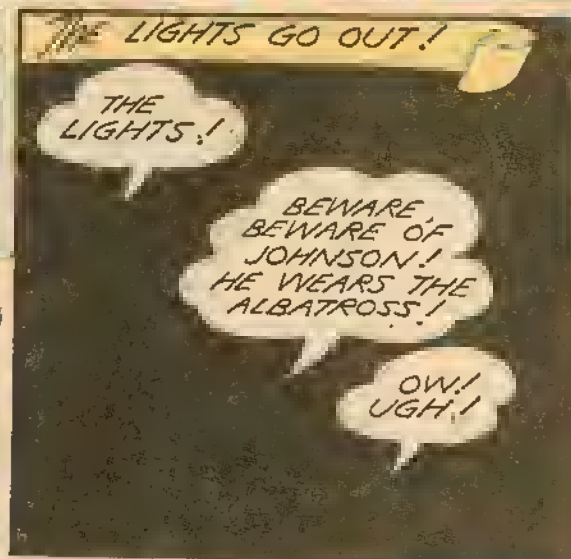
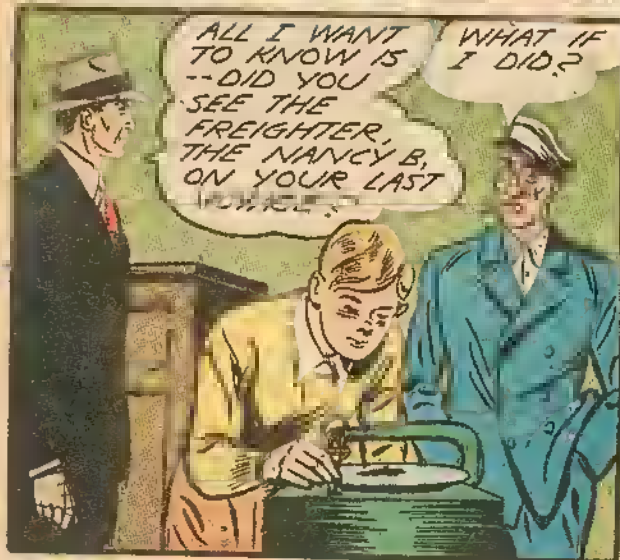
EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN, CHICK! OH--HELLO THERE. YOU ASKED ME TO COME TO SEE YOU, CAPT. ADAMS?

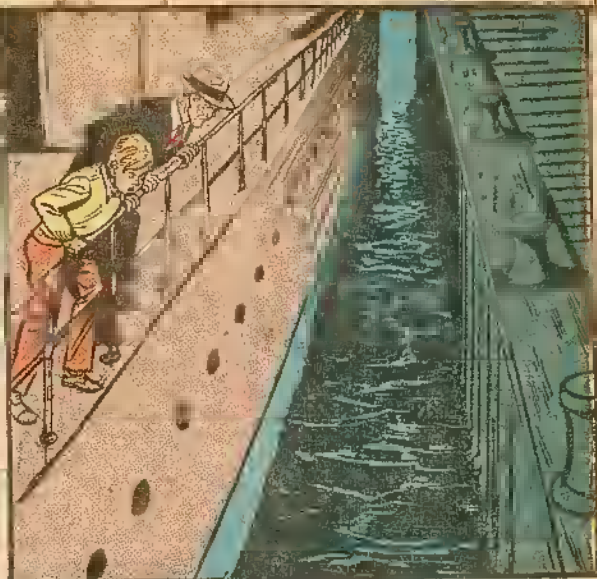
THAT I DID! CAPT. PEGLEG JONES HAS THE MOST EERIE STORY TO TELL. COME AND MEET HIM--









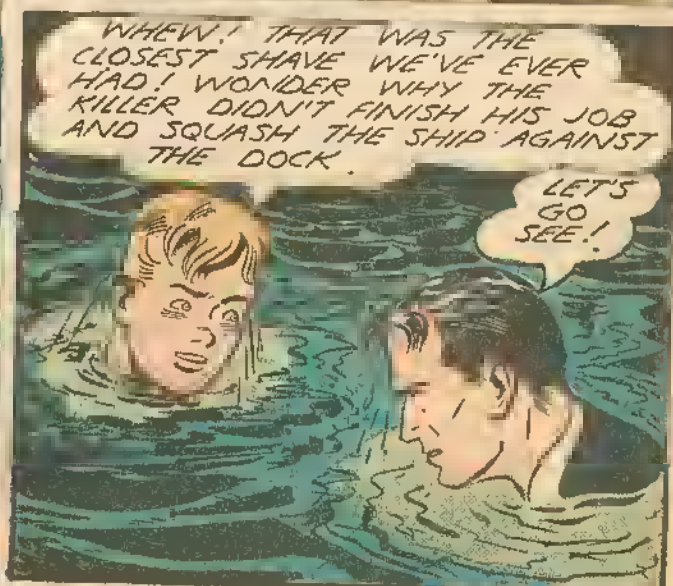
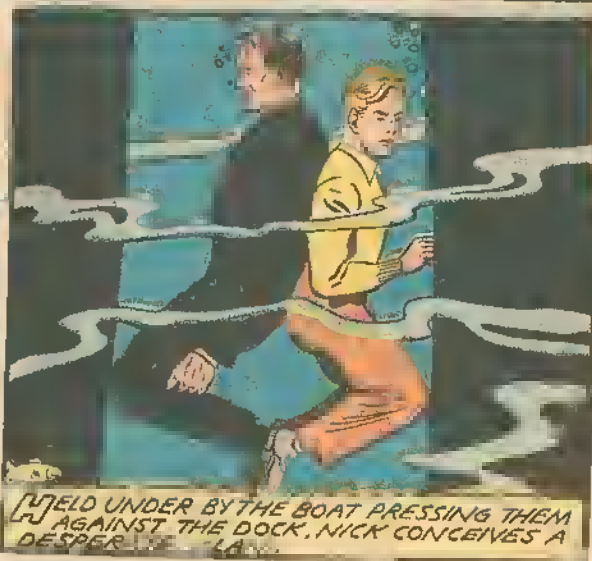
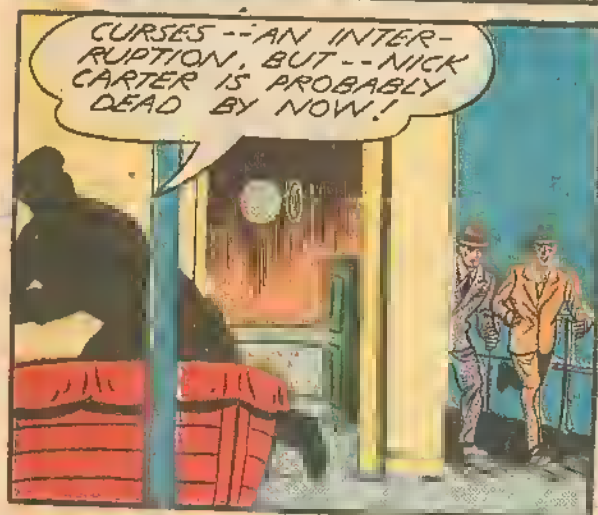


THE FIENDISH KILLER GUIDES THE SHIP CLOSER TO THE DOCK ---

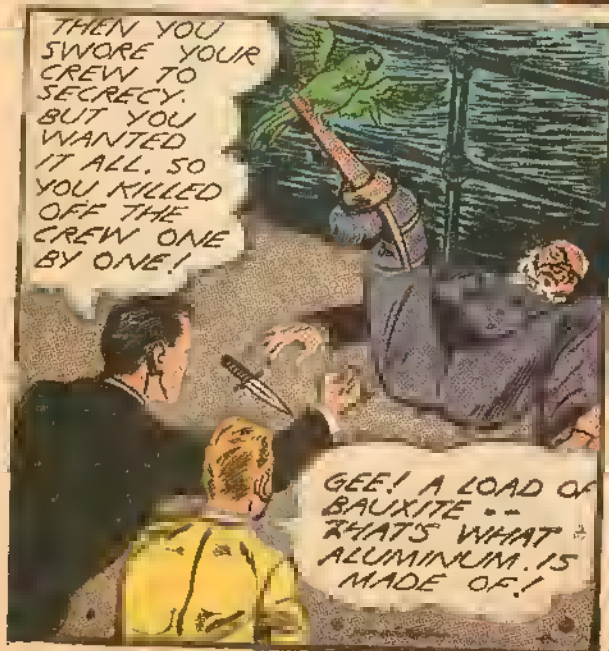


CLOSER AND CLOSER -- UNTIL THE SHIP TRAPS NICK AND CHICK UNDER THE WATER.









# THE HOODED WASP

"FIRE BALL"



THE HOODED WASP AND HIS PROTEGE, JIM WATSON, KNOWN AS WASPLET, ARE ARCH ENEMIES OF THE LOWER WORLD WHERE MEN'S MINDS ARE WARPED AND CRUEL. THIS LOWER WORLD TREMBLES IN FEAR OF THE WASP'S DEADLY STING -- ALL BUT ONE, THAT IS -- "THE FLAME!" --

STORY BY ED GRUSKIN  
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

THE FLAME'S LABORATORY, IN THE HEART OF THE UNDERWORLD, RECEIVES A SHADY VISITOR --

EVERYTHING'S READY TUH BLOW THE SHOFIELD BANK -- BUT I'M TELLIN' YUH, FLAME, YOU'RE NUTS TUH TRY IT!

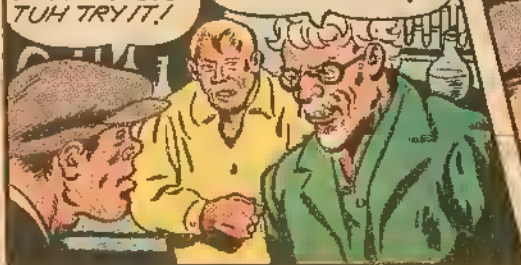
NUTS, EH? HAH! BECAUSE I'LL STEAL A MILLION DOLLARS RIGHT UNDER THE HOODED WASP'S NOSE?

YUH KNOW HE'S POISON! WHY CAN'TCHA PICK A BANK A FEW BLOCKS FROM HIM INSTEAD O' THE ONE RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET?

BECAUSE HE IS POWERLESS AGAINST THE ALL-CONSUMING FIREBALL MY MACHINE PROJECTS!

THE FIREBALL MACHINE FIXED IN THE VAN, THE FLAME AND HIS ASSISTANT DRIVE AWAY.

IT WILL MELT THE DOORS AND VAULT LIKE BUTTER. ANY ONE TRYING TO STOP US WILL BE BURNED ALIVE BY THE FIREBALL!



UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE THREAT APPROACHING THEM, WASP, WASPLET AND BABE SPEND A "QUIET" EVENING AT HOME!

FOR PETE'S SAKE! DON'T YOU KIDS EVER TIRE OF JITTERBUGGING?

NOPE! REAL "CATS" LIKE US ONLY GET TIRED WHEN WE'RE NOT CUTTIN' A RUG!

BABE'S GOT ME SO HEP, I DANCE IN MY SLEEP!

HEY! WHAT GOES WITH THAT CORN-BOX O' YOURS?

SOUNDS LIKE A HIGH-FREQUENCY GENERATOR SOMEPLACE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD --HMM-- FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD IT.

SHOFIB  
BANK  
TRUST  
COMPAN

THAT NOISE IS AWFUL -- I'LL TURN THE CORN-BOX OFF FOR AWHILE -- MAYBE IT'LL STOP.

HEY, WASP -- WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT VAN'S DOING IN FRONT OF THE BANK?

IT'S A STRANGE PLACE FOR IT TO PARK AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT ALL RIGHT--

SUDDENLY--

A FIREBALL!

WOWIE! THAT CAME FROM THE TRUCK!

SHOFIB  
BANK  
TRUST  
COMPAN

LIKE THICK, SYRUPY BUTTER, THE DOOR MELTS AND DISAPPEARS IN THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE FIREBALL!

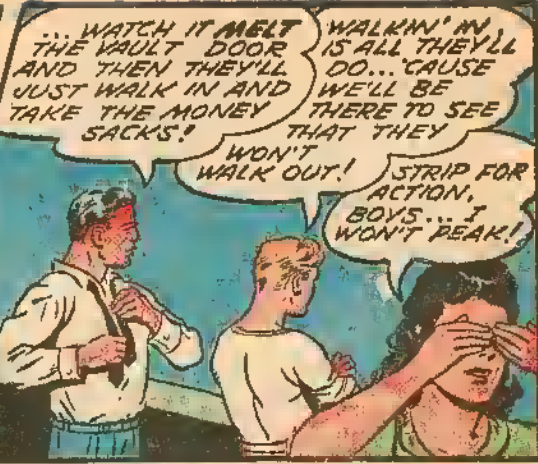
MOVING  
VAN

**T**HE HOODED WASP WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT AS THE FIREBALL LEADS THE WAY INTO THE BANK AS THOUGH DIRECTED BY A HUMAN HAND....



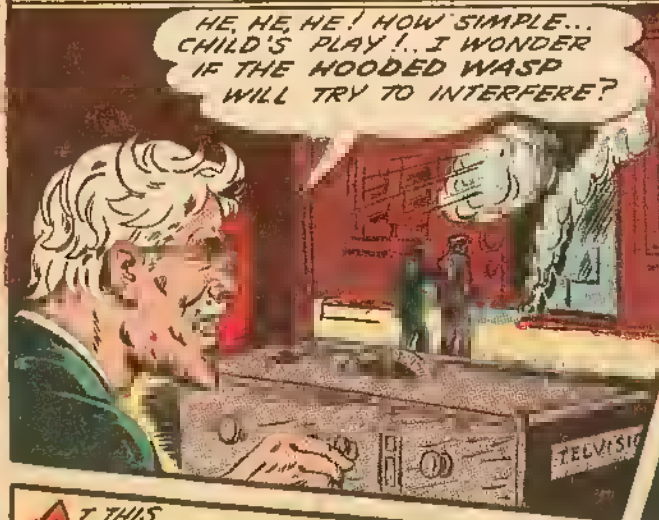
IT'S SCREWY!  
NO WASPLET....  
AMAZING!! A RADIO CONTROLLED FIREBALL DOES ALL THE DIRTY WORK...  
THE MEN JUST FOLLOW IT TO THE VAULT!

MOUND VAN



WATCH IT MELT THE VAULT DOOR AND THEN THEY'LL JUST WALK IN AND TAKE THE MONEY SACKS!  
WALKIN' IN IS ALL THEY'LL DO... 'CAUSE WE'LL BE THERE TO SEE THAT THEY WON'T WALK OUT!  
STRIP FOR ACTION, BOYS... I WON'T PEAK!

*Meanwhile,* THE FLAME INSIDE THE VAN CONTROLS THE FIREBALL AND WATCHES ITS PROGRESS ON THE TELEVISIO SCREEN....



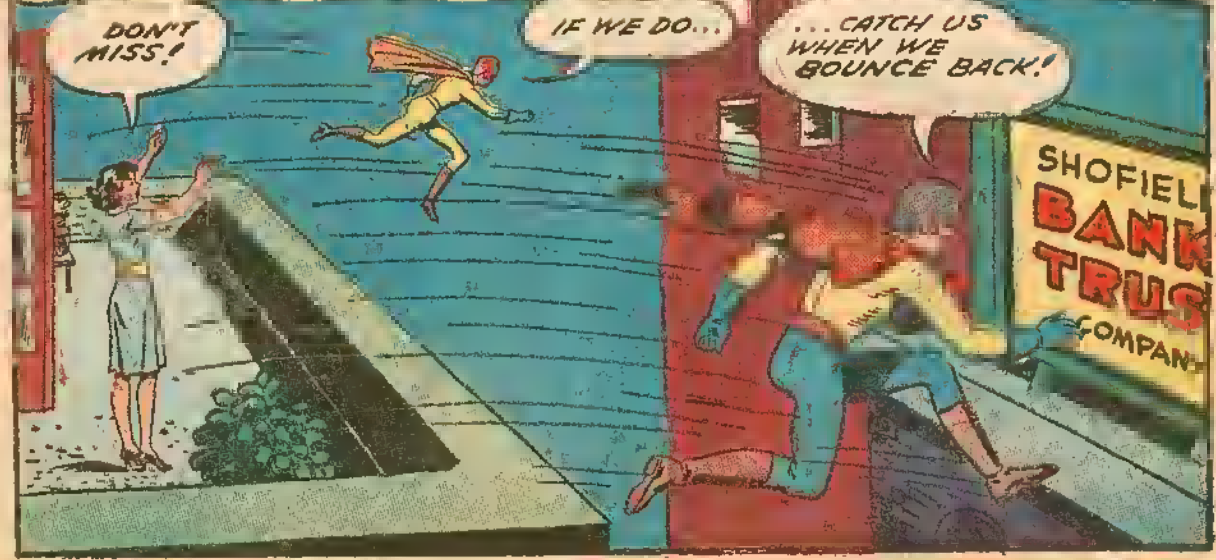
HE, HE, HE! HOW SIMPLE... CHILD'S PLAY!... I WONDER IF THE HOODED WASP WILL TRY TO INTERFERE?

TELEVISIO



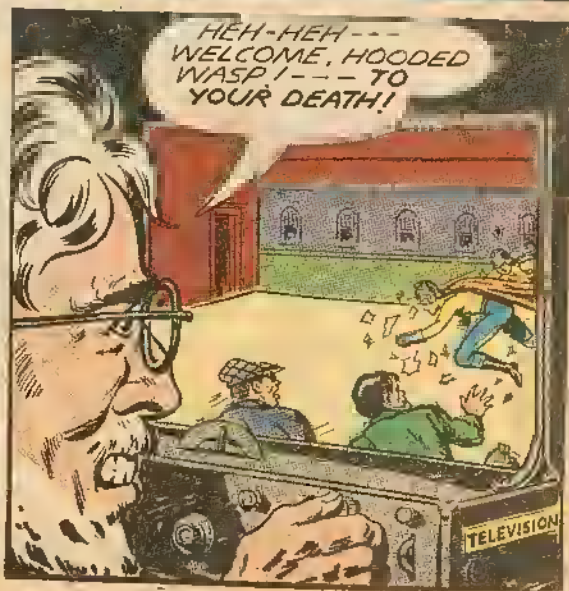
IF HE DOES... ONE TOUCH OF THE FIREBALL AND HE WILL BE ASHES!  
HEHEHEHAHAHA!!

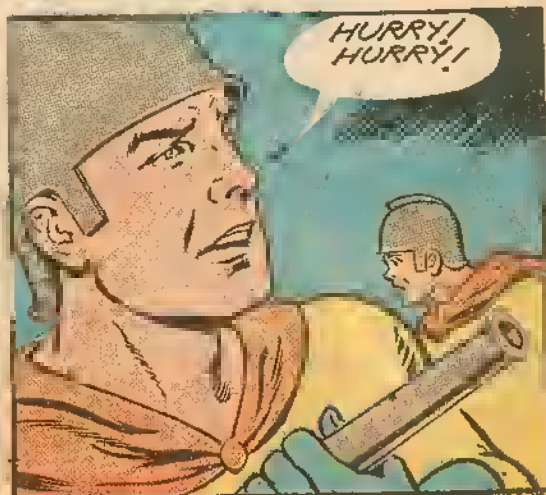
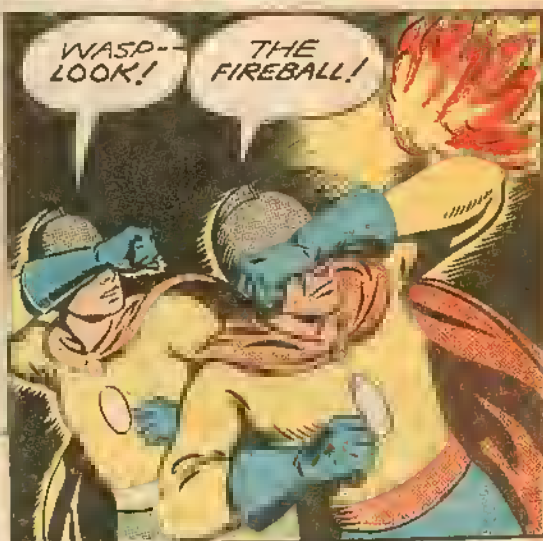
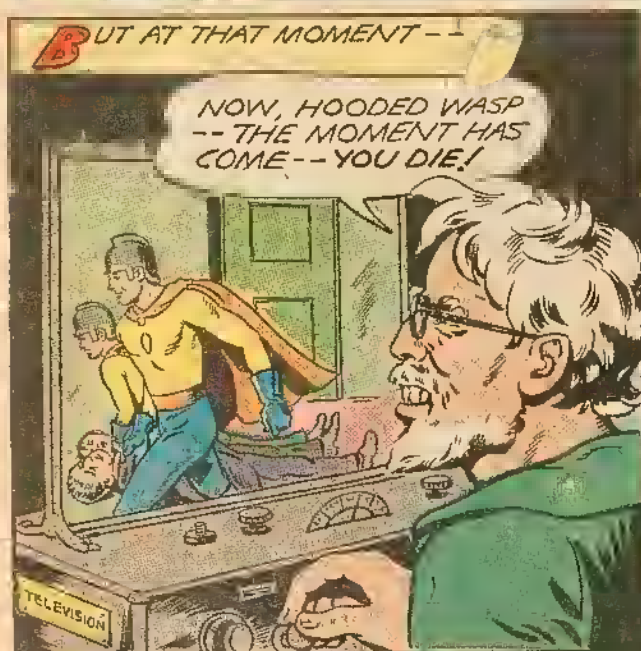
**A**T THIS MOMENT, THE HOODED WASP AND WASPLET ARE LEADING INTO THE FLAME'S TRAP!



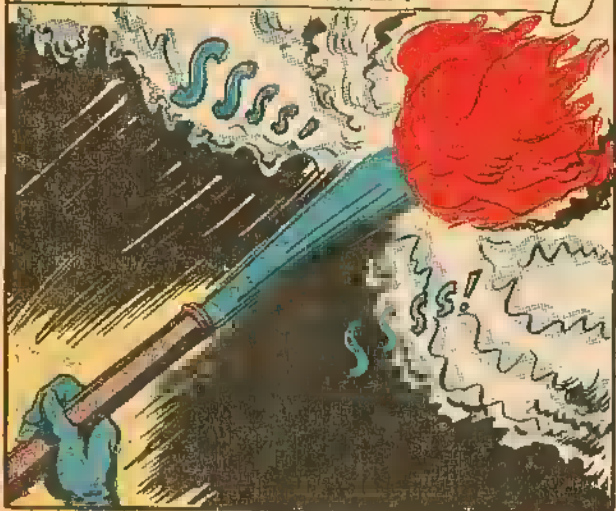
DON'T MISS!  
IF WE DO...  
... CATCH US WHEN WE BOUNCE BACK!

SHOFIELD BANK TRUST COMPANY

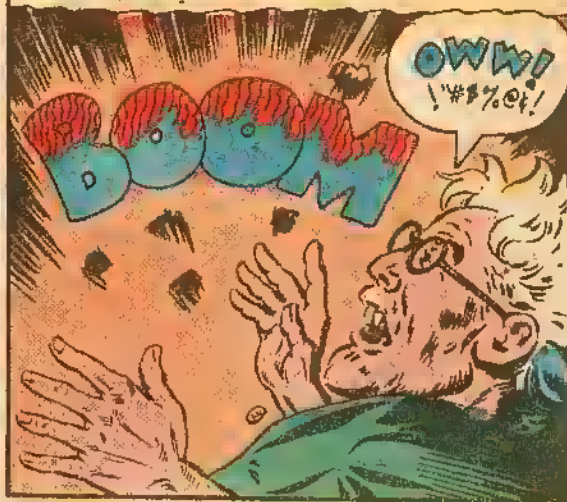




**A** S THE FLAMING BALL OF HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, INTENSE HEAT STREAKS AT THEM, WASPLET TURNS ON THE WATER ---



THE WATER FROM THE HOSE CAUSES A SHORT CIRCUIT -- THE FLAME'S FIREBALL MACHINE BLOWS UP!



ONE MORE SECOND AND THE HOODED WASP WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD! NOW I MUST RUN FROM HIM AGAIN!

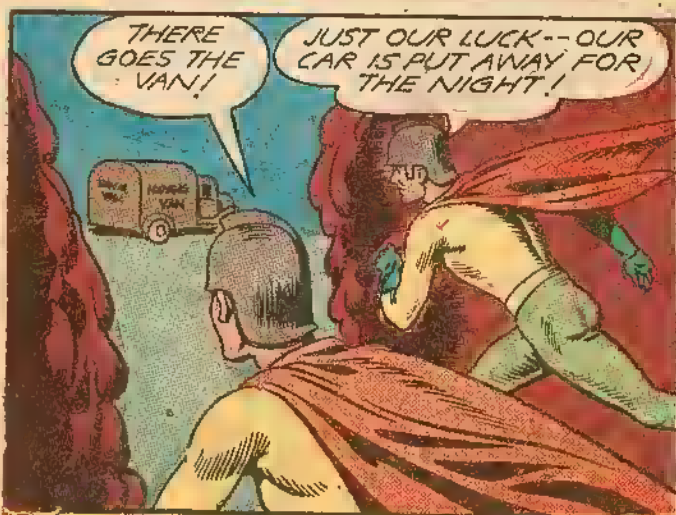


BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME! NEXT TIME THE HOODED WASP WILL NOT BE SO LUCKY!



THERE GOES THE VAN!

JUST OUR LUCK-- OUR CAR IS PUT AWAY FOR THE NIGHT!

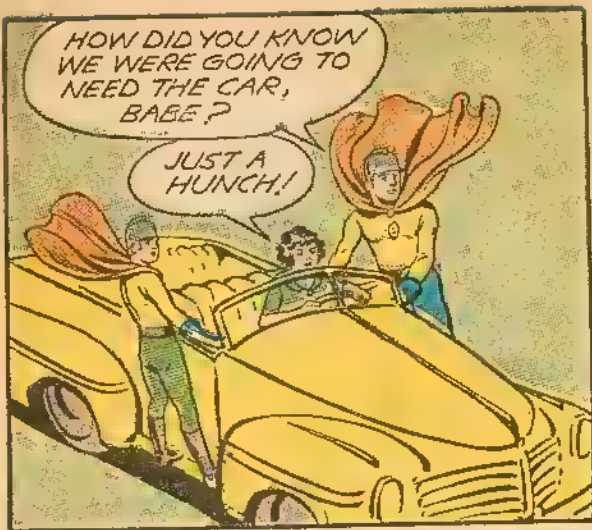


YOU BOYS WOULDN'T BE NEEDING A LIFT, WOULD YOU?

BABE!

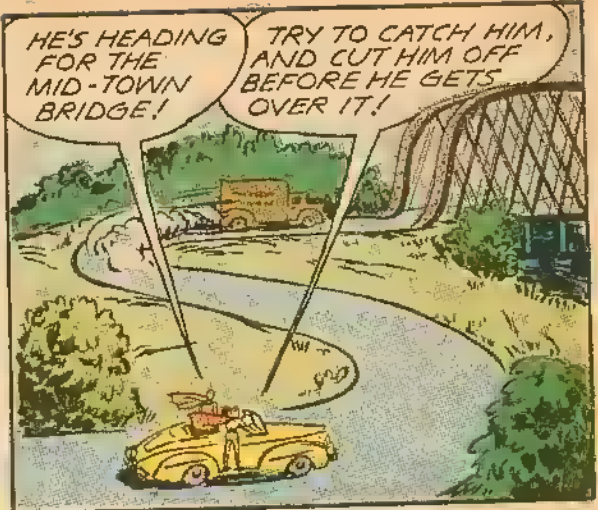
HUH?





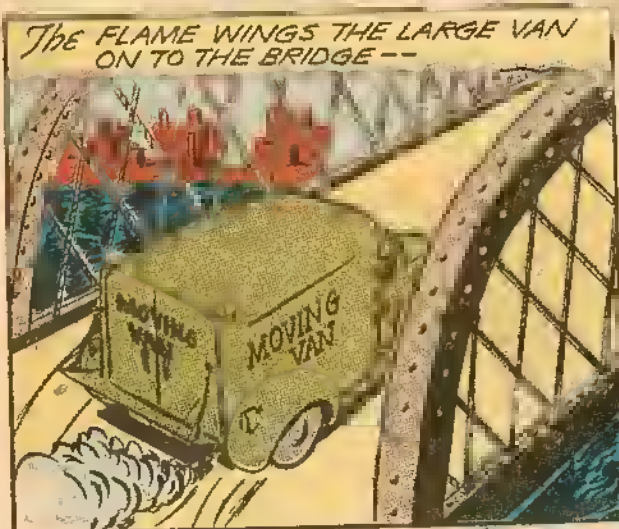
HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE GOING TO NEED THE CAR, BABE?

JUST A HUNCH!

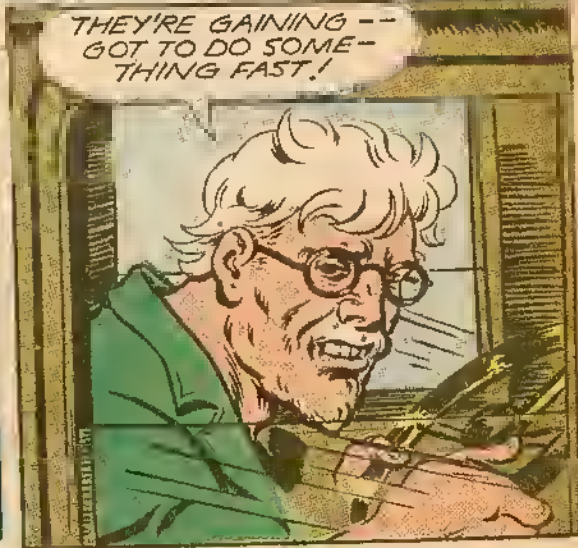


HE'S HEADING FOR THE MID-TOWN BRIDGE!

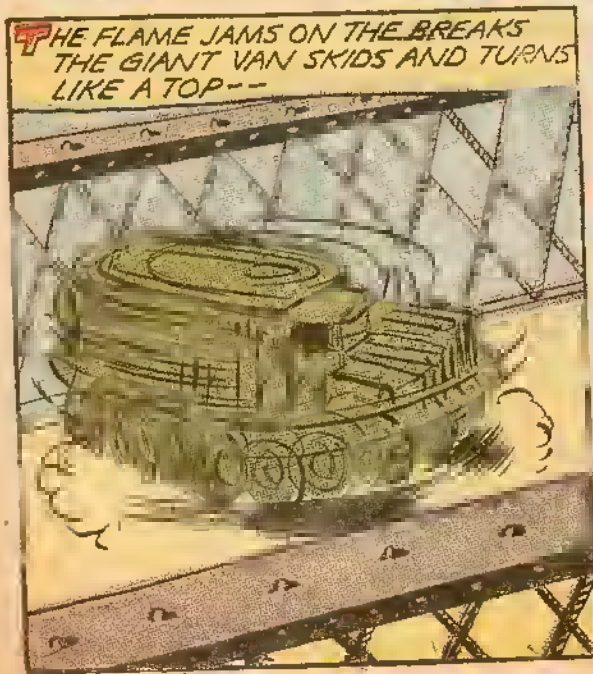
TRY TO CATCH HIM, AND CUT HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS OVER IT!



THE FLAME WINGS THE LARGE VAN ON TO THE BRIDGE --



THEY'RE GAINING -- GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST!

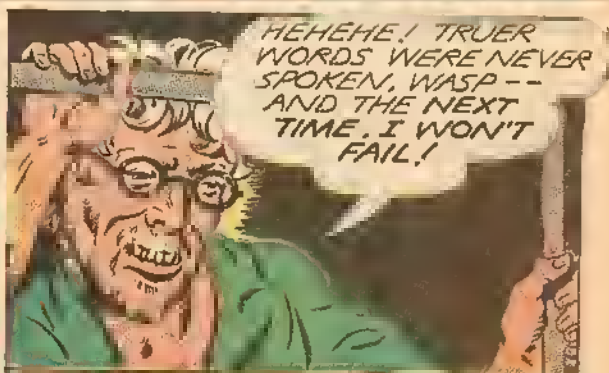
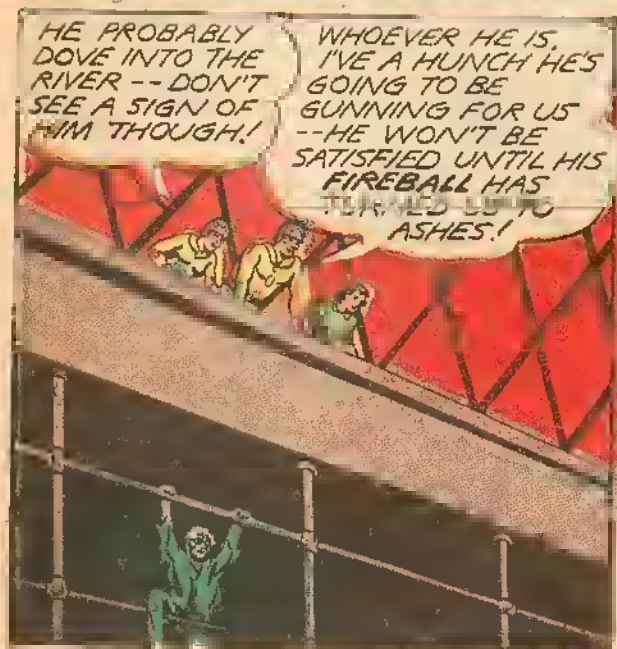
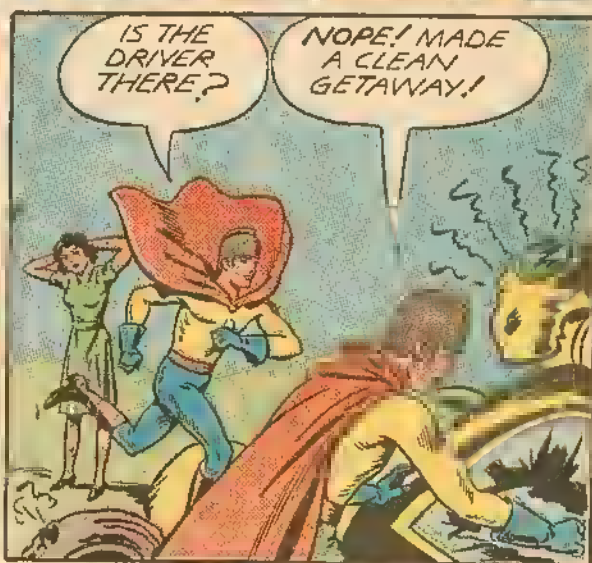
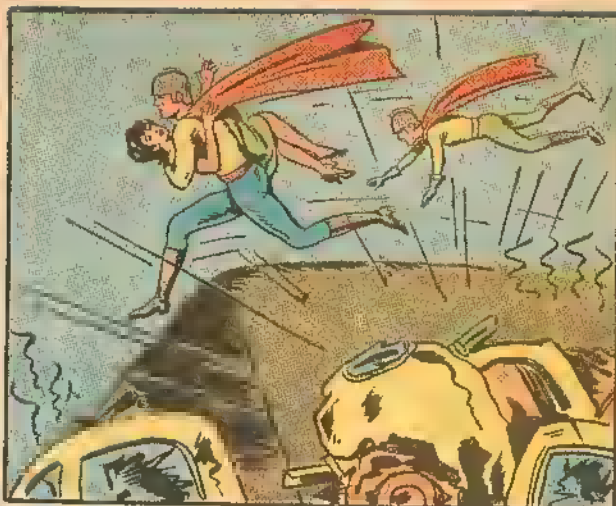
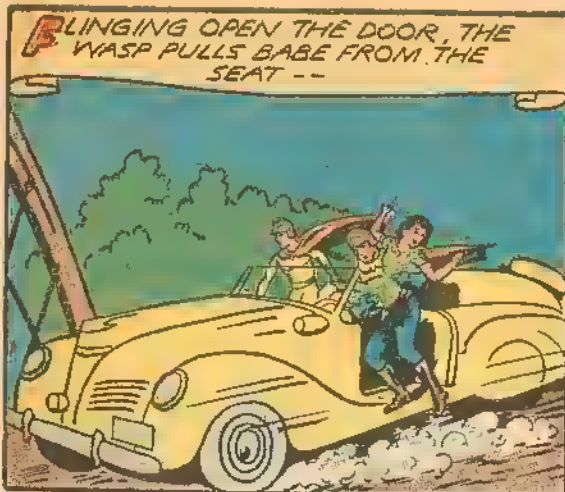


THE FLAME JAMS ON THE BREAKS THE GIANT VAN SKIDS AND TURNS LIKE A TOP --



CAUGHT UNAWARES, BABE JAMS ON THE BRAKES -- BUT TOO LATE!

WE'RE GONNA CRASH!



**C**AN THE HOODED WASP ESCAPE THE FLAME'S DEADLY FIREBALL A SECOND TIME? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS AND SHIVER AT THE HOODED WASP'S HORRIBLE ADVENTURE!



## TORPEDOES ARE JUST FISH

The fog rolled up the bluff on the back of the howling nor'easter. Matt stood braced against the wind in his oilskins and listened with the practiced ear of a Banks fisherman to the faint clanking that punctuated the thunder of the surf below. It was the unmistakable sound of a heavy anchor chain running out.

Matt judged that the sounds came from the vicinity of the Lizards, a treacherous little pair of islands about a half mile off the coast. The boy shuddered, whether from the cold biting through his clothes, or the picture of Lizard's Hole in a fog, with the ebb piling up ribs against a nor'easter that would be more like mountains than waves. Only a stranger would ever think there was any protection from a nor'easter in Lizard's Hole.

There was a crunch of gravel on the path from the cove behind him and the bent figure of his father took form in the swirling mist.

"What is she, pop?" Matt asked.

"One of them submarine things. Came near running me down when I was out in the dory just now."

"Ours or theirs?" Matt's voice was sharp and eager.

"Theirs." His father spat it out calmly. "Ebb tide's running now. They're aground on Big Lizard already."

"Pop! We got to hole them before they get off!" Matt seized his father's arms. "Think of your old friend Cap Jenks and his *Molly M*. Most likely this sub is the one that sunk them!" The boy's voice was hot with the fire of youth.

"Pop, I could sneak in there quietly with our sailboat with a torpedo aboard and let 'em have it before they know what's hit 'em," continued the boy.

MacNab slowly studied his son for some moments. He said, at last, "I guess maybe you're right, son. I guess the time's come to

do something for your country; it's always been good enough to you. You take the *Heather*. But I'm going with you, 'cause if I lose you and the *Heather* both, I don't want to be left around to think about it."

The fog had cleared some when they reached the deck of the torpedo craft, where the torpedoes were stored. The old fisherman lifted his eyes to the pale stars and sniffed. "It'll come on thick again before daybreak," he announced and then explained his plan.

Under the bos'n's curt orders the torpedo-boat crew dragged one sleek metal fish out of its tube and the two fishermen had a look at it.

"She's big," decided the old man, "but there ain't much to her. How far can you shoot her?"

"We won't shoot her this time," grunted the bos'n, bending over to twist the hydrostatic setting for a surface run. "We'll just sneak up in the fog, ease her into the water from your boat, slip in with her, swim her in close enough to get her pointed straight, and let her run."

The crew swung the torpedo into the water on a little davit and Matt took it in tow with the dory. The bos'n detailed a couple of first-class torpedomen to row over to the *Heather* where, with the help of the schooner's heaviest tackles, the five of them par-buckled the big fish up the ship's low side and onto her deck. Then they sailed for Lizard's Hole.

"Listen!" hissed the bos'n. They listened. The labored snorting of Diesels settled quickly to a steady rhythmic throb. "That sub's afloat!" groaned the bos'n. "We're too late. I could never hit her underway from the water." He glowered into the fog.

Young Matt leaped to his feet and peered into the murk toward the ominous sound of engines. "Mr. Barkley, get that torpedo's nose

up on our starboard rail and block her up level athwartships with a light lashing on the tail so she'll slip over in a hurry when it's cut. I'll get that pig boat for you!"

The bos'n blinked incredulously. MacNab spoke up quietly, "What you figuring to do, Matt?"

"Sail the *Heather* up within sighting distance of the sub as she comes out so the bos'n can slide his torpedo off our lee rail when I've got her headed right. The sub will take us for fishermen in a fog—until it's too late. But we got to act fast!" He cocked his head to the swelling sputter of the submarine's engine.

MacNab turned calmly to the bos'n. "We can see five hundred yards," he said. "Could you hit from our rail at that?"

"Make it two hundred and I couldn't miss, even from this bucking bronco," snapped the bos'n.

The old man rammed his hands into his pockets and stared thoughtfully into the fog. "Mighty risky," he rumbled, as if thinking aloud. "Have to make an approach with nothing but the sound of engines to go on. Most likely ram the war boat and lose the *Heather* like I said." He swung abruptly to his son. "Think you can do it, boy?"

"You said yourself I was the best seaman on the coast," Matt said impatiently.

The submarine's engine grew louder in the mist. The second engine coughed and churned ahead with the other.

"All right," said MacNab at last. "Let's see you do it; the navy's watching."

The bos'n and his men were already levering up the torpedo and blocking it even with the low rail. Matt reached out and pulled his father down alongside him at the wheel. "Hop in the dory with the two sailors and have them pull you back to the cove," he said quickly. "The bos'n and I'll do better with more room to work in."

"Not by a— Wait a jiffy!" The old man lowered his voice and his eyes narrowed again. "By craminy, that's an idee! But wait, I'll go alone. Save time." With an expert heave he hauled up the dory and leaped lightly into it. "Cast off, you lubber, and smartly!" he barked as Matt hesitated in surprise at his father's sudden alacrity.

Matt held the straining dory painter in his hands. "Pop," he frowned, "what you thinking of?"

"Never you mind, smart-Aleck—let her go!

And good luck!" he called as the dory dipped astern into the fog. Matt could hear the creak of the oarlocks immediately as his father pulled off vigorously into the gray murk.

For an instant the boy gazed after the vanishing dory with puzzled eyes and then, as the submarine's engines grew ever louder, he turned back to his wheel. With the navy men handling his sheets, he slanted the *Heather* swiftly up to windward of the channel out of Lizard's Hole.

The great black hulk of the undersea boat loomed suddenly out of the mist just abaft the *Heather's* beam, not more than five hundred yards to leeward, plunging into the gray-green seas at half speed and flinging flat spray against her squat conning tower. Now was the crucial minute: to close the next three hundred yards without being challenged, cut loose the deadly fish and duck back into the curtain of fog before the submarine could suspect their innocent appearance.

With a low cry to let the sheets run, Matt fell off handily before the wind, aiming the *Heather* like a quivering arrow, directly for the plunging bow of the black steel monster. Immediately there was a loud and salty hail from the direction of the sub, ringing clear against the wind, "Aho-o-y, you blasted lubbers! Where am I? I'm lost in this dirty fog!"

Matt stiffened. It was his father's voice, unmistakably. A faint, answering hail, unintelligible, drifted up to his ears, its direction uncertain in the swirling mists. The *Heather* was closing fast—four hundred yards—three hundred. Now Matt could make out three dark figures on the submarine's bridge, all straining to leeward with their backs to the schooner as it swooped silently upon them from windward. Again his father's hail rang out, "I can't make out a blasted word you say! Speak English!"

The bos'n's shout came in a hoarse croak from the *Heather's* waist, "Close enough, Matt! You don't need to run 'em down. Steady her here! Easy, now—easy!"

The schooner nosed up parallel with the blind sub, less than two hundred yards off in the mist, balancing briefly, beam ends on to the sloppy seas. "Let 'er go!" barked Matt, and then, "And don't miss; the old man's just beyond!" His voice was rough and loud with concern. The snapping sails and banging

blocks made a furious racket.

A shout rang out from the submarine, a stiff arm pointing at them from the bridge.

The torpedo jerked as the lashing gave and then lunged forward into the sea from the dripping rail, the propellers spinning as the bos'n tripped the starting lever. It dived with a splash, porpoised, and charged forward through the torn sea like a mad shark.

Curt orders barked from the U-boat's bridge, drowning old MacNab's noisy diversion from beyond. Matt spun the *Heather's* wheel hard up, the bos'n and his men leaping to trim the sheets. The schooner buried her rail deep and clawed into the wind, seeking the safety of the fog.

Then the torpedo struck with a blast that jarred the schooner's crew from their feet and punched the taut sails with a giant's fist. The submarine disappeared in a geyser of hot sea water and hissing steam. The column collapsed in a cascade on the torn and stricken hull, leaving it listing heavily to port, its ugly nose creeping farther and farther under each successive wave.

"Aho-o-oy, *Heather!*" The long, clean hail brought Matt back to his senses, "Heave to,

confound ye! - I'm pulling my blasted arms out!"

Matt's slow grin thawed the set muscles of his jaw, "Aho-o-oy, pop!" he answered. "Rest easy and raise a hail! We'll pick you up!" He snapped the schooner into the wind, circling toward the lusty ahoy's from the dory, and steered smartly for the bobbing boat when it showed through the fog. In a minute the dory was tailing out astern again and MacNab was soberly gripping his son's hard hand on the *Heather's* deck.

"Well," ventured the boy uncomfortably, clearing his throat, "Old Cap Jenks can rest now, anyway."

"Yep," said MacNab, while the bos'n grinned over his shoulder, "and you can tell the navy you done something big when you go to join up tomorrow. And me"—the old man wrestled his pipe and pouch out of his pocket and leisurely packed the bowl—"me, I can get back to my fishin'. Never had no use for these fancy war boats and torpedo gimmicks, anyhow."

Matt grinned fondly. "Shucks, pop, torpedoes are just fish. Aren't they, bos'n?"

"That's right," proclaimed the navy, "and it sure takes fishermen to deliver 'em in a fog."





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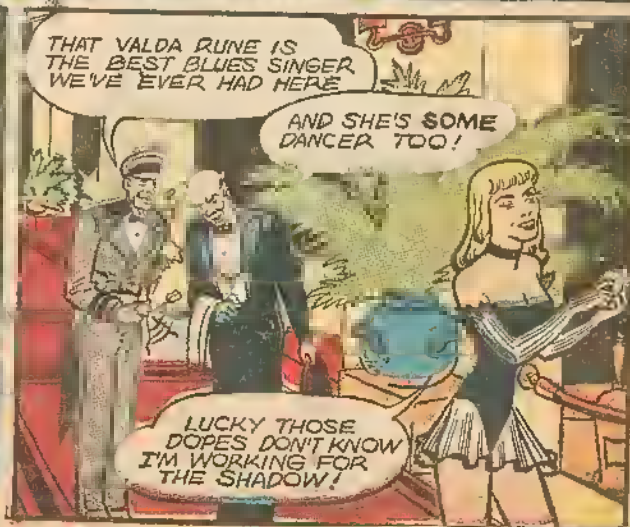
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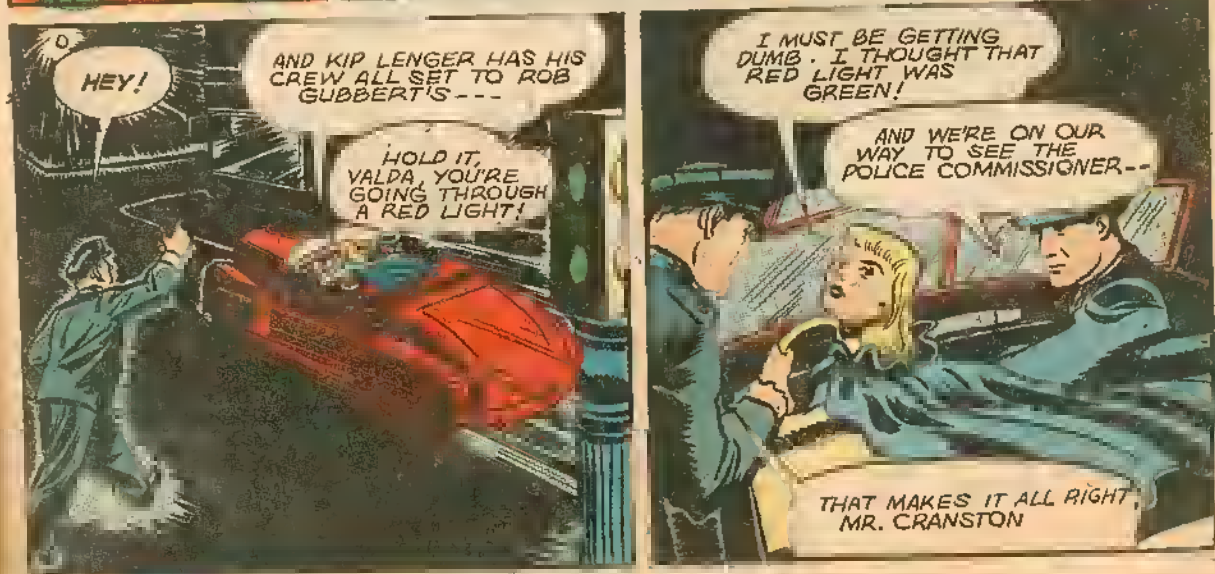
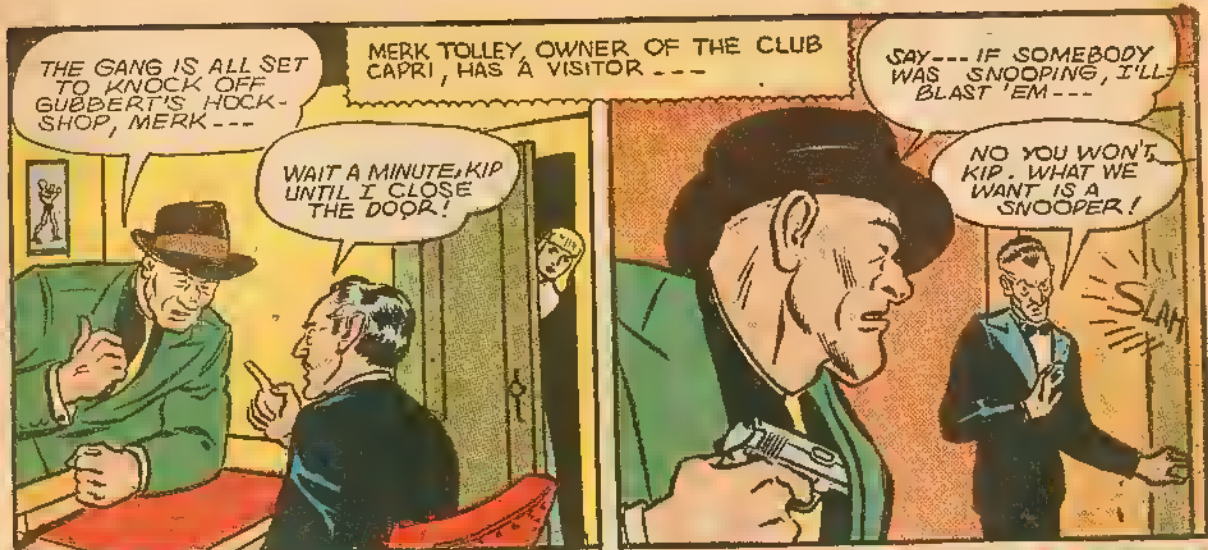
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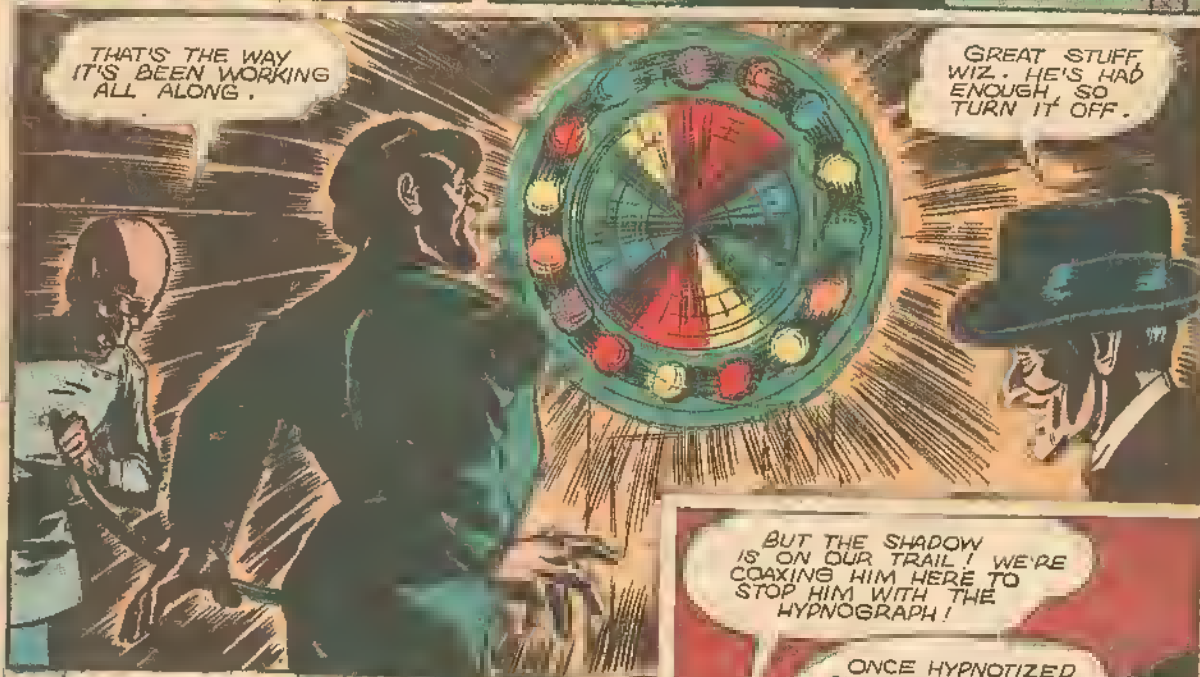
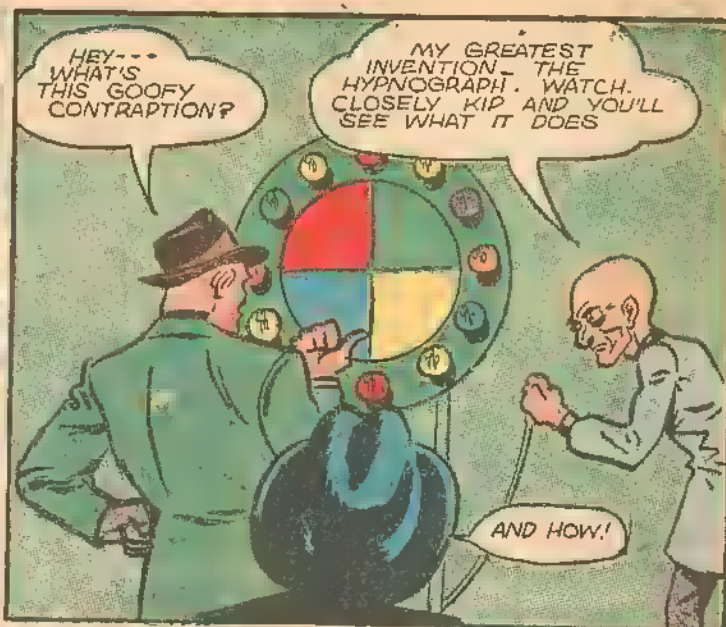
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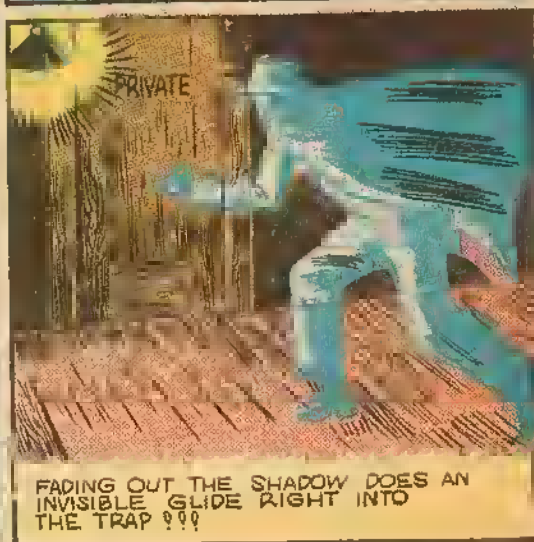
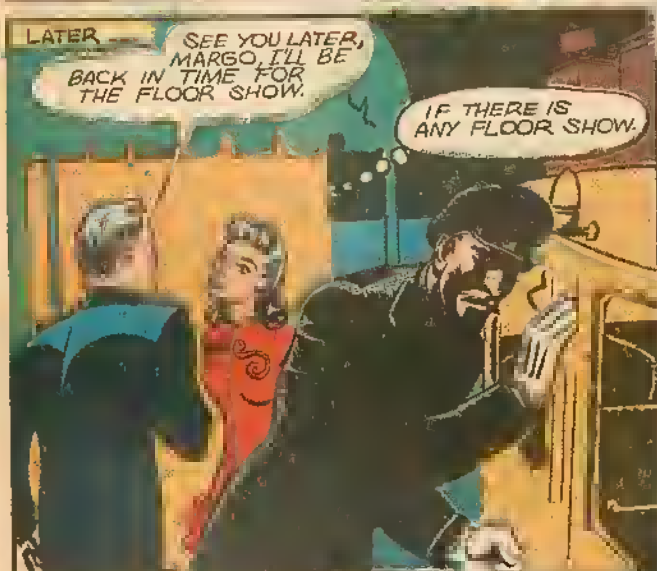
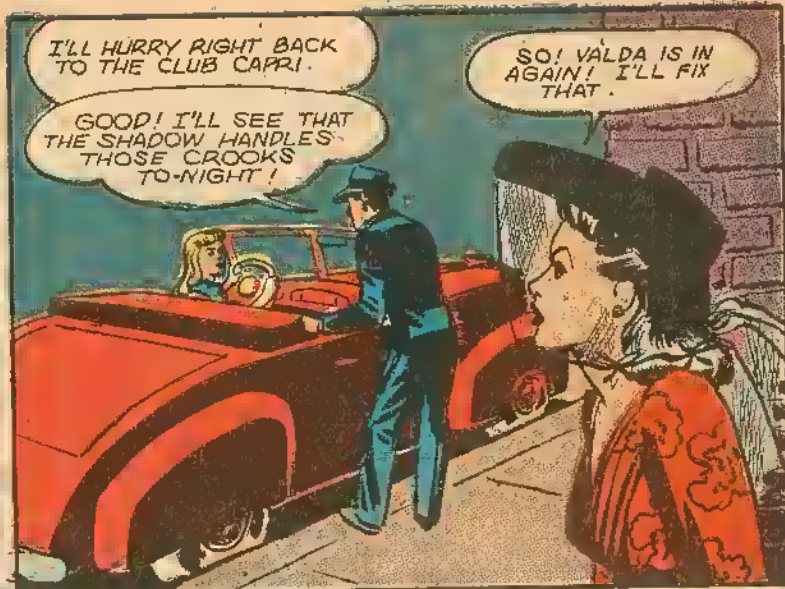
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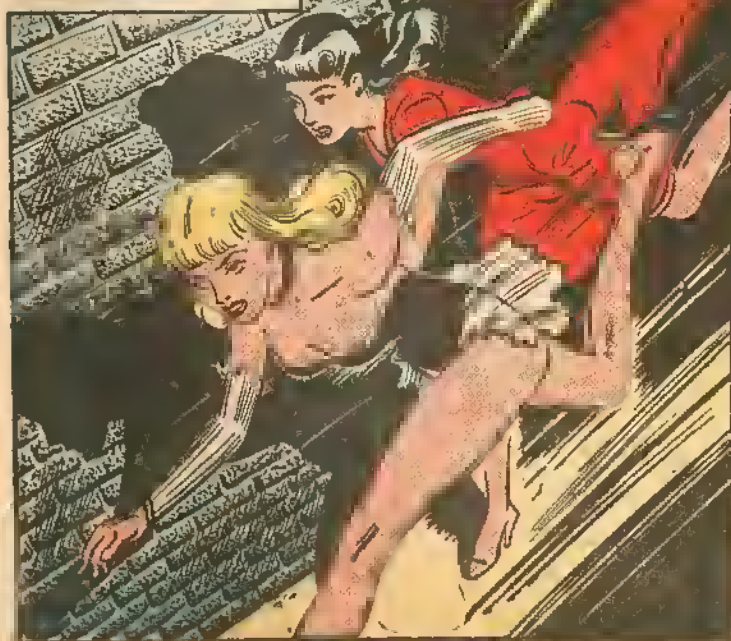


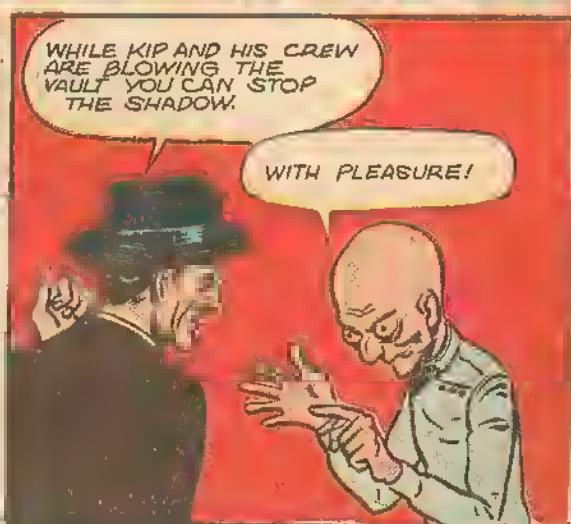
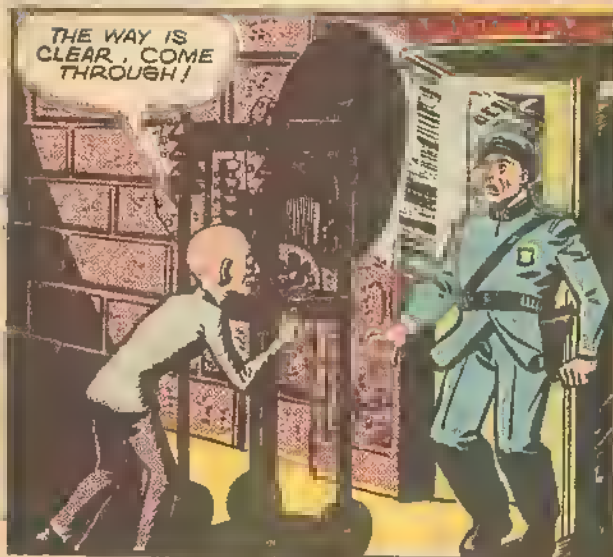


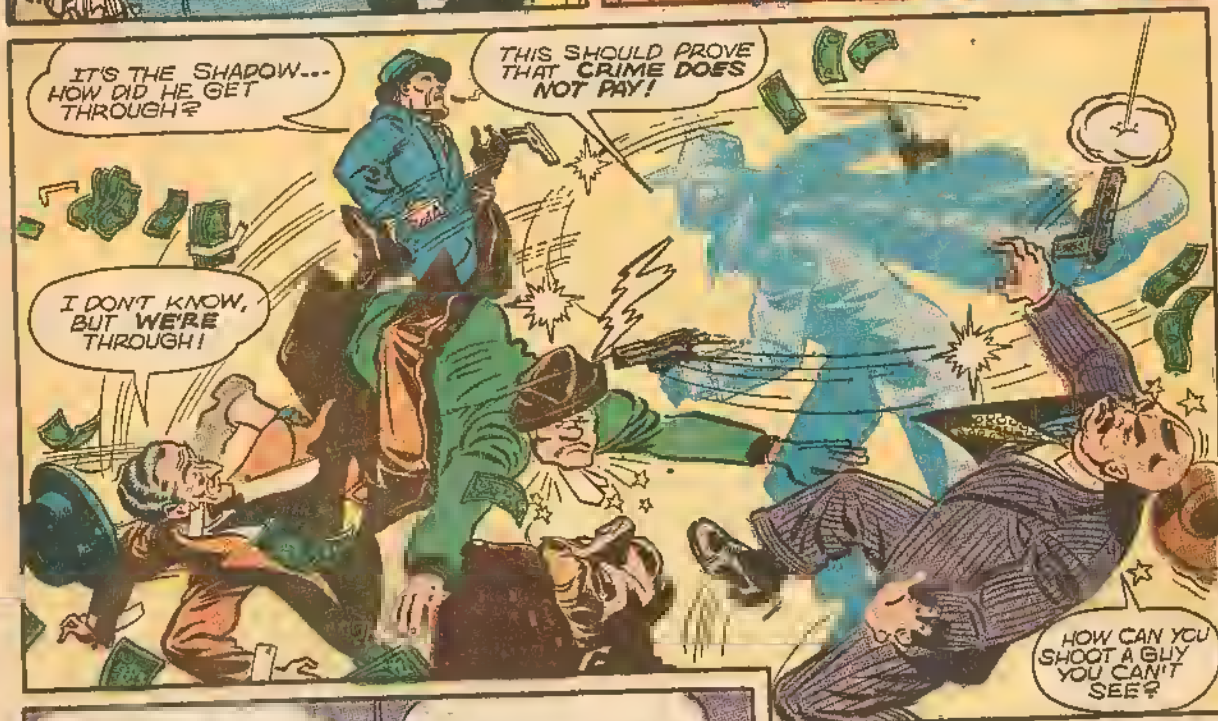
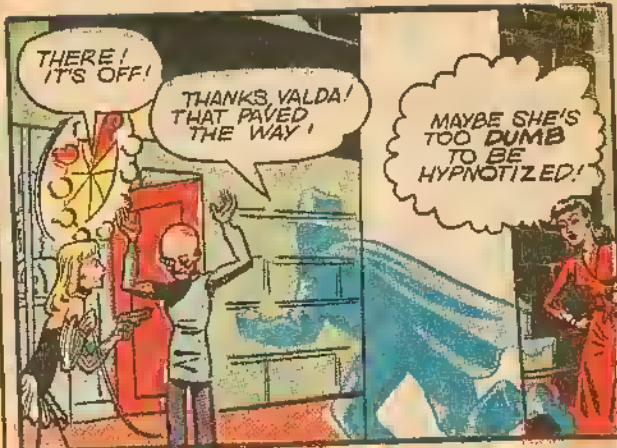
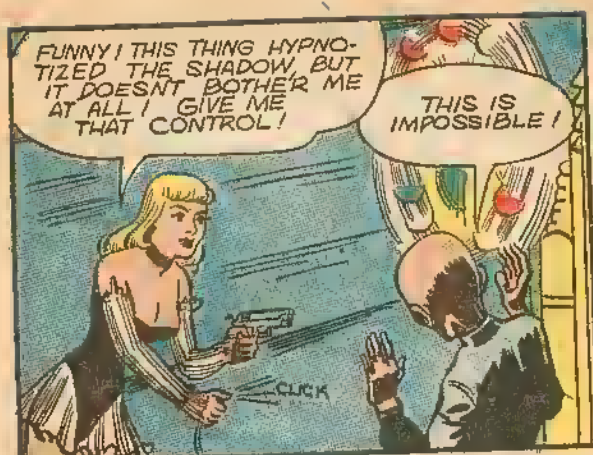












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